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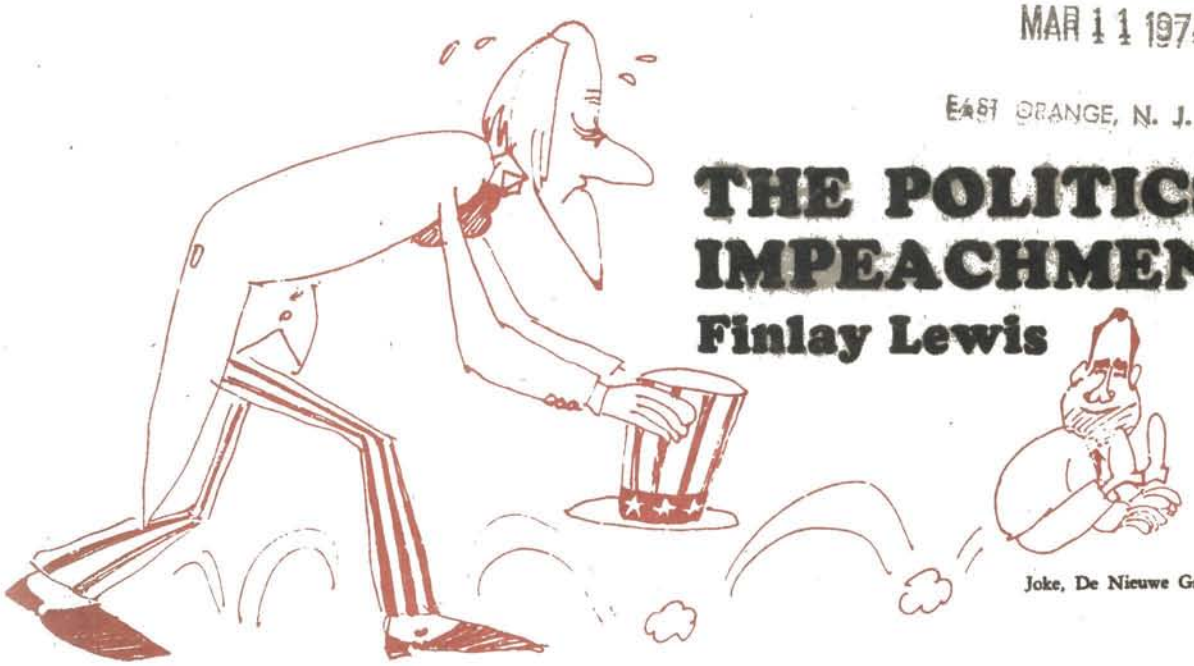

Joke, De Nieuwe Gazet (Antwerp)

THE POLITICS OF IMPEACHMENT

Finlay Lewis

THE OIL WENT THATAWAY

Donald L. Barlett & James B. Steele

OMBUDSMEN FOR THE PRESS

John Maxwell Hamilton

Alan G. Nasser

ERNEST MANDEL'S 'EUROPE vs. AMERICA'

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EDITORIALS

The Continuing Conspiracy

The 50-page, thirteen-count indictment presented by the Watergate grand jury after twenty months of investigation is a most impressive and convincing document. To those who have followed the investigation and the Ervin committee hearings, there is nothing new in the indictment. What makes it a most remarkable document is the way it seizes on a central concept—that "beginning on or about June 17, 1972 and continuing up to and including the date of the filing of this indictment," the seven defendants and "persons known and unknown" conspired to obstruct justice—and then proceeds with logic and insight to show how the conspiracy has unfolded. Without attempting to assess the guilt or degree of guilt of the seven defendants on all counts—they will have their day in court—one can say that the indictment makes great good sense. Accept the central premise and the facts fall into place; reject it and they fail to make sense. That the grand jurors were diligent, patient, observant and intelligent their quoted questions demonstrate; a case in point is the foreman's down-to-earth questioning of Gordon Strachan. The language of the indictments is blunt and forceful; the thrust of the logic clear and realistic. The performance of these twenty-three grand jurors is a remarkable tribute to them as individuals and to the grand jury system when it is properly supervised by an able and courageous judge and assisted by a legal staff determined to get the facts and see what they mean.

It has been reported that nineteen of the twenty-three jurors agreed to take some action that would point to the role of the President in the cover-up. Presumably the "sealed report" or presentment, and supporting evidence, bear directly on this issue. But whether they do or not, the facts set forth in the indictments warrant the conclusion that the President had to know of the cover-up and had to approve it. Forget about the initial break-in; the theories about it are legion. It may well be that the President neither knew of it in advance nor approved it; but the cover-up, which began on June 17, 1972, could have been undertaken and continued only with his knowledge and assent. Given the way lines of authority ran in the Nixon White House, the President's top aides, his most trusted advisers, his loyal friends, would never have embarked on so dangerous an undertaking and one so heavy with political implications without his concurrence in their actions. What the indictments do, therefore, is to chart the course of the cover-up and, by so doing, to narrow ultimate responsibility to the President. As one headline reads: "The spill runs toward Nixon."

Now impeachment must proceed because there is no other means by which the President's involvement can be legally tested. Even before the indictments were returned, the logic of the situation was being recognized in new quarters. For example, Republican Sen. Robert Packwood of Oregon, up for re-election this year, had been quoted as saying that enough evidence exists to justify the House in impeaching the President, so that the Senate may "try the case on its merits." In Illinois, twelve-year veteran Republican Robert McClory faces a primary challenge on March 19 for the first time in his career. His opponent is taking the position that the American people must have a clear vote in the House on impeachment because it is the only way the President's involvement can be determined. This, of course, is the message voters have been sending to the Congress since the recess.

Regardless of what is in the "sealed report" the grand jury indictments make an airtight case for impeachment. Not only have the indictments magnified the importance of the issue but they point directly to the involvement of the President in the cover-up. Fortunately, the House Judiciary Committee has decided to proceed with an impeachment inquiry so that the "sealed report" can be made available to the committee and its staff, as Vice President Ford recommends—that is, if Judge Sirica approves. That the grand jury asked the President to appear as a witness is an indication that it felt he was involved in the cover-up. Since it seems to be agreed that a President cannot be indicted until he has been impeached, and since the President decided not to accept the grand jury's invitation, the issue now rests squarely with the House Judiciary Committee, whose questions he has agreed to answer, and subsequently with the House.

If Mr. Nixon wants the Presidency to survive—if its preservation is his overriding concern—he will resign. But he is not likely to take that option. If he did, he might become not only the first President to resign but the first to be indicted for a number of serious criminal offenses. Not only would his resignation unsteady the top aides who have thus far remained loyal to him, but he would have to finance his own legal defense if he were to be indicted—for him a consequence too dreadful to contemplate. So impeachment it must be. The President can hardly quarrel with that, because even he takes the position that a President can be indicted for criminal conduct and criminal acts of "a very serious nature." The indictments and no doubt the "sealed report" point to exactly such offenses.

Early Warning

If the House Judiciary Committee reports out an impeachment resolution, the eyes of the nation should promptly fasten on every member of Congress. Given the size of the national budget, and the extent of his discretionary powers, President Nixon has ample resources at his disposal by way of lining up votes against the resolution. In view of Watergate it is unlikely, but by no means unthinkable, that partisans of the President would resort to methods as crude as those which came to light during the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. But the actual buying of votes is not the most likely danger. What is to be anticipated is that the President will go to almost any length, within the strict letter of the law and maybe a bit beyond, to win and hold votes against impeachment. His patronage powers alone enable him to enlarge the sense of happiness and well-being of every member of Congress. A favor here, a favor there, to be granted now or possibly deferred to some more discreet date. Special consideration can be given projects dear to a particular Representative and his constituents; every

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member has a long list of such projects. Defense contracts can be strategically allocated and the locations of governmental facilities can be shifted about as political considerations suggest. Congressmen can be promised future appointments for themselves or their favorites.

There need be no direct negotiations and the President is in no position to revoke any tacit understandings. It would be extremely difficult to prove that the vote of any member was improperly influenced if a degree of discretion were shown in the timing and manner of distributing favors. And there would be no ceiling on the political price that the President would be willing to pay for a vote against impeachment. In the 1972 election, the President and his supporters raised the largest war chest in the history of Presidential campaigns, much of it illegally. But this time round the danger is not that the electorate may be influenced by improper expenditures of campaign funds but that members of Congress may be influenced by Presidential favors. It is not too early for pro-impeachment groups to be studying the problem and formulating strategies to cope with it.

Britain's Overlapping Elites

Harold Wilson has kissed the Queen's hand and, an American correspondent writes, "returned in triumph" to 10 Downing Street. It is difficult to understand Mr. Wilson's elation, if indeed that is his feeling. He has only a precarious hold on the premiership and by all indications a follow-up election will have to be held within eighteen months. Whether Wilson gets anywhere in the interim depends largely on the cooperation of the Conservatives; Mr. Heath has promised cooperation, but it remains to be seen what he has in mind.

In short, the English, without a Watergate scandal, face a political future as uncertain as that confronting the Americans. It is also noteworthy that the parliamentary system is no panacea for democratic government. Many Americans longed for it as the inflexibility of the constitutional system became evident under the extraordinary conditions of the present Administration, but in the March issue of *Current History*, a discerning Britisher, Michael Hodges, starts off the lead article with this shocker: "The major problem confronting British politicians of all parties at the present time is the increasing popular dissatisfaction with parliamentary government and a growing cynicism about the very nature of political activity."

Some light is thrown on the reasons underlying British malaise by a talk that James Reston had with Lord Franks, a former British Ambassador in Washington and now provost of Worcester College, Oxford. Lord Franks sees three or four hard years ahead for Britain, with little economic growth to meet popular expectations. In part, he bases this forecast on the fact that 75 per cent of British workers today have no personal experience of chronic unemployment, such as existed in the leading industrialized nations during the Great Depression, nor of the subsequent cooperation of World War II (which brought the depression to an end). "There is only so much to go round," Reston concludes, "without inflation that robs everybody . . ."—a thesis which Lord Franks thinks

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the British people will come to understand and which will induce them to make the necessary sacrifices. If they don't, he does not rule out the possibility of an "autocratic government of the Right" within four or five years—a conclusion disputed by others with whom Reston compared views.

In the British case there are other ways of looking at disillusionment with democracy. Hodges' article, previously noted, is titled, "British Politics: 'A Plague on Both Your Houses.'" Another academician, R.W. Johnson of Magdalen College, Oxford, seeks an explanation in the changing composition of the Labour Party. His piece, "The Political Elite," in the January 24th *New Society*, starts with the observation that in the period 1918-51, three-quarters of the Labour M.P.s were truly working class. The Labour victory of 1945, which so mortified Churchill, saw an upsurge in the proportion of middle-class Labour M.P.s and a corresponding decrease in the working-class proportion—the elites were significantly overlapping. Among the reasons for this shift were the contraction of the coal industry, which in the past provided numerous Labour seats, the decline in city center areas where single unions had represented large numbers, and a dying off of the older Labour element (also noted by Lord Franks). By 1971 the Labour Party's list of prospective candidates contained only twenty-two working-class people out of a total of 311 names. The same trend was conspicuous at the cabinet level. The 1970 Labour cabinet was almost entirely middle class. "Moreover," Johnson adds, "dynastic and kinship networks are beginning to emerge within Labour's ranks."

With Labour becoming less working class, the Tories less aristocratic, and both becoming more middle class, the electorate may well doubt that the two major parties offer meaningful choices. And if a sharp differentiation is desirable, it is hardly likely that Harold Wilson will be in a position to offer it.

The Mentioning Season

If it is true that Presidential nominees are usually selected by "the mentioning process" well before the conventions and primaries, then it is time to start mentioning possible nominees, lest the situation settle down to a contest, on the Republican side, between Rockefeller, Ford, Connally and Percy, and, among Democrats, between Senators Jackson and Kennedy. That would be unfortunate. The Presidency is far too important an office to be filled on the basis of the recognition factor, i.e., "best known" or "most often mentioned." The process limits the range of choice to professional politicians who have been around so long that their names have become household words; it also denies voters a chance to express themselves, in advance of the conventions and primaries, about the *kind* of person they would like to see nominated.

There is evidence that Watergate has given professional politicians, as a group, a bad name, just as there is evidence of a growing popular appetite for new types of leaders and new styles of leadership. For example, Gov. Tom McCall of Oregon appeals to a surprisingly large number of voters as a possible Presidential nominee. The suggestion is interesting not because Governor McCall should be regarded as a viable candidate—he isn't—but rather because it throws some light on the kind of relative unknown who might make an excellent showing in the primaries. Governor McCall appeals to voters because he is an honest man who listens to people and believes in the possibility of open government. If he were younger and in better health and had deeper insights into today's problems he might indeed be an excellent nominee.

The point is that there is a large section of the electorate—perhaps a third—who would like to see an independent "maverick" type nominated. In times past we have not always settled for the best known professional politicians. On occasion, we have tapped a military hero or selected an off-beat type such as Herbert Hoover or Woodrow Wilson or Wendell Willkie. So it is possible to nominate a nonprofessional politician and it should be easier today than in times past, given the penchant for independent voting and ticket-splitting and the ease with which the mass media can project a new national "image." Politicians so well known that their names arouse little interest or enthusiasm except among partisans may not be the best nominees in 1976. Since this is the season, we would like to mention two men who merit attention.

This week's "mentionees" are Elliot Richardson, a Republican, and Sen. Walter Mondale, a Democrat. Richardson has character, style, intelligence, administrative ability and exceptional experience in state and federal government. An ideal Vice Presidential nominee, he is not quite of Presidential "caliber" (whatever that means) but merits mention. Much can be said on behalf of Senator Mondale. Politically, he would be acceptable to the various tribes and cliques and interest groups that make up the Democratic Party. The fact that he is the "as-of-now" choice of 24 per cent of a sample of 106 Democratic governors, state chairmen and national committee members (*Newsweek*, March 4) is a measure of his acceptability.

What is of particular interest about Mondale is his willingness—his eagerness—to listen to voters. Most Congressional committee chairmen are out to investigate this or expose that, or to stage dramatic confrontations or zero in on the chairman's pet social problem: drugs, crime, communism, farm prices, or whatever. Sen. Mondale chairs a subcommittee on "American Families: Trends and Pressures" and mostly he is the whole committee. He is not exposing anyone, he talks very little, but he listens carefully to what the witnesses have to say. These hearings could mark the emergence of a new style of Congressional investigation in which attention is focused not on this or that problem but on how the society is doing as a society, a point that Robert Lynd once hammered home to *Nation* readers in an unforgettable piece ("Our 'Racket' Society," August 25, 1951).

Lynd sensed a basic weakness in American social criticism which is much more striking today than it was when he wrote. We do not view society as a whole, nor do we ask, as we should, "What kind of society do we want as a whole society? What real options to attain that end do we have? And what changes are necessary to realize the choices we have?" At the moment Nelson Rockefeller is exploring "critical choices," and that is fine, but the more significant field of inquiry is the one raised by Lynd. Senator Mondale seems to be trying to stimulate an

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awareness of the need to look beyond problems to the functioning of the entire society. He is a relative unknown, his finances are meager, and his foreign policy experience is limited, but he too merits mention. As we approach the bicentennial, shouldn't we seriously consider the *kind* of nominees we have a right to insist that both major parties nominate? Enough thoughtful mentioning might enlarge the range of meaningful choices.

A Speck on the Map

On Diego Garcia, a British-owned speck in the Indian Ocean, there is a small American naval and air base, which the Pentagon now proposes to enlarge at a cost of $29 million. Opposed to the idea are several countries relatively nearby—and the Soviet Union.

The geography of the region is important. The Indian Ocean—Indian in name only—is an immense body of water, largely below the equator and comparable to the South Atlantic Ocean on the other side of Africa. Diego Garcia is all of 1,000 miles south of India and lies in the latitude of Java. In short, neither of the superpowers has any business there, in an area remote from both.

The U.S. Navy plan is in fact running into opposition. Sen. Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) lodged a vigorous protest soon after the enlargement scheme was announced (*Congressional Record*, February 7; p. S 1452). And the Malagasy Republic, India, Australia and New Zealand have denounced the impending establishment of a full-scale American naval and air base in a body of water which is as vital to them as the Pacific Ocean is to the United States. Senator Pell points out that, at a time when we are ostensibly trying to reduce our military commitments, the countries in the region see the prospect of a naval race on their borders. What they wanted, and still want, is an atom-free, neutral "zone of peace." In India where Ambassador Moynihan's remarks on the subject gave offense, Diego Garcia has provoked a diplomatic incident.

Both we and the Russians have been patrolling these waters, and the Diego Garcia move only intensifies a preexisting rivalry. Each side stresses its peaceful intentions and the naval lobbyists on both sides continue to appeal for support from their respective governments. The U.S. Navy points with alarm to the prospective reopening of the Suez Canal, which will reduce the journey from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean to a mere 2,200 miles. The Soviet Government, egged on by its naval planners, feels menaced by such incidents as the approach of the carrier *Enterprise* to within 500 miles of India at the time of the Pakistan-Bangladesh war. (It will be recalled that President Nixon and Dr. Kissinger strongly favored Pakistan.) "In both countries," Victor Zorza writes in *The Washington Post* (January 29), "the naval lobbies have been using the Indian Ocean, because of its proximity to the Persian Gulf oil routes, as the bogey with which to push the politicians into crossing a new strategic threshold." A hawkish American admiral is a hawkish Soviet admiral's best friend.

None of this jockeying for advantage consorts with the SALT talks and other efforts at a U.S.-Soviet détente. A connection exists, however, and Zorza may be right when he predicts that "the last quarter of the century will witness a naval race which promises—because the ship is more versatile and ubiquitous than the missile—to outdo the great missile race that dominated the third quarter of the century." There is a slim hope that the current change in government in Britain may avert the threat, insofar as the Diego Garcia project is concerned. Those arrangements were made between Julian Amery, Minister of State in the Foreign Office and, presumably, Secretary Kissinger. A Labourite now has Mr. Amery's job, and Prime Minister Wilson may assert Britain's sovereignty over Diego Garcia. But that is a long shot, and unless the U.S. Congress and the American people assert themselves, the Indian Ocean can become a cockpit in a renewed cold war.

THE POLITICS OF IMPEACHMENT

FINLAY LEWIS

Washington, D.C.

Nixon's contention that he can be impeached only for personal criminal behavior is neither novel nor surprising. For someone in Nixon's shoes, the best strategy is to place the heaviest burden possible on his accusers, and the criminality argument is designed to do precisely that. The tactic has been used repeatedly—with mixed results—in past impeachments, including the 1868 trial of President Andrew Johnson. In opening arguments, Johnson's lawyers told the Senate that impeachable offenses were "high criminal offenses against the United States, made so by some law of the United States existing when the acts complained of were done." Johnson's defense went on to argue that the impeachment managers would have to show a willful criminal intent to break the law in order to make their accusations stick.

So that is the line Nixon would naturally follow, but it remains to be seen what effect it will have on the House Judiciary Committee. The committee's legal staff on impeachment released a bipartisan report several days before Nixon's February press conference. The document, drawing on precedents dating back to 14th-century England, concludes that a President can be impeached for a wide array of activities, criminal or otherwise, that subvert the Constitution and erode democratic government. While that is the classic prosecution position in impeachments, interviews in recent weeks indicate that the staff report enjoys substantial bipartisan support among committee members.

Finlay Lewis, a Washington correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune, *has been covering Watergate and the impeachment inquiry.*

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Consider, for example, the views of Rep. William Cohen, a 33-year-old Republican freshman from Maine. Cohen has emerged as a kind of free spirit who stubbornly resists attempts to confine impeachment to restrictive and legalistic categories. In contrast to the narrow definition offered by Nixon, Cohen in a whimsical moment compared an impeachable offense to Robert Frost's view on love: "It's indefinable and unmistakable —I know it when I see it."

More seriously, Cohen argued that an impeachable offense could consist of "a series of acts which result in bringing dishonor, disrespect and calumny on the office of the Presidency." A case in point, he said, might well be former Presidential aide John Ehrlichman's interviews with Judge Matthew Byrne concerning the directorship of the FBI. The meetings—instigated by Nixon at a time when Byrne was presiding over the Daniel Ellsberg trial —could merge a crime (attempting to obstruct justice) with a political offense (abusing the powers of the Presidency).

A pragmatic and articulate liberal, Cohen is regarded as the point man for a number of moderate Republicans and his actions on the committee could sway a substantial number of votes if the issue reaches the House floor.

Rep. Harold Froehlich of Wisconsin, another GOP freshman on the committee, is a conservative whose political tendencies would normally set him apart from Cohen. But impeachment is unlike most other issues and Froehlich is beginning to feel pressures that conflict with his natural instinct to defend the President. "My leaning is to be a strict constructionist and vote no on impeachment," Froehlich said recently. "But I refuse to commit myself on that and I may vote aye, depending on the situation."

Froehlich's decision will be made after he has tested the evidence against his definition of impeachable offenses —once that takes shape in his own mind. Another factor, though he dismisses it, may be the politics of his district, home of the Green Bay Packers and once the power base of Sen. Joe McCarthy. Froehlich was sent to Congress by slightly more than 50 per cent of the vote in a race against Robert Cornell, a Jesuit priest who is again in the field organizing against Froehlich. Impeachment will clearly be an issue.

"I don't see how a Republican can win on this issue no matter how you vote," Froehlich said. "If I vote no, there will be a vast group of independents, including some Republicans, who will be unhappy. If I vote yes, I'll upset the hard-core Nixon loyalists." That dilemma has become more real since Democrat Richard VanderVeen won the contest to fill Gerald Ford's seat in the House. Froehlich and some other Republicans publicly discount the significance of the election, claiming that the folks in Grand Rapids were really voting to put their local boy, Ford, in the White House. The explanation, however, is belied by statistics which show that VanderVeen received the normal Democratic vote, while the Republicans, who have held the seat for more than sixty years, stayed home in large numbers.

Rep. Hamilton Fish, another committee Republican, admitted to *Newsday*: "Sure, we're beginning to think of our own skins. You've got 435 political animals here. The natives are restless in my district. I know that without being told."

Rep. Thomas Railsback (R., Ill.) figures that his district is about 60 to 40 against impeachment, but he doesn't forget that the 40 per cent includes the United Auto Workers, whose backing of Railsback in the last election scared away the Democrats and enabled him to run unopposed.

Railsback, an influential moderate on the committee, suggested that as a practical matter most impeachable offenses will involve violations of criminal law, although he added that the indictment test should not be used to restrict the scope of the impeachment inquiry. Railsback flatly predicted that the committee will vote out an impeachment resolution and he implied that his own thinking would be shaped by evidence showing that the President had manipulated the FBI, the CIA or other executive agencies to perpetuate the cover-up. Another minefield for the President will be the tapes and the 18½-minute erasure of the June 20, 1972 conversation between Nixon and H.R. Haldeman. "That was very, very bad," said Railsback. "There are just a lot of things that have to be explained, like who had custody and the rest. If the President is linked in any way, that would be a most serious offense."

The situation becomes bleaker for Nixon on the Democratic side of the committee. A recent voting study by the *Congressional Quarterly* shows that in 1973 the average Democrat in the House supported the President on 35 per cent of the votes. On the committee, however, average Democratic support drops to 31 per cent.

And now, even the conservative Democrats on the committee are staking out positions on impeachment that can hardly reassure the White House. Rep. Walter Flowers of Alabama reckons that his district would vote solidly for the President in a referendum on impeachment. But, he adds, "I have a certain degree of independence. Politically, I can survive a vote either way."

Democratic Rep. James Mann doesn't discuss the impeachment sentiment in his South Carolina district, which gave 80 per cent of its vote to Nixon in 1972. He says that he'll reach an independent judgment, based on the merits of the case. Impeachment, Mann said, would indicate that "Congress is merely doing its duty to police executive power." Mann was given a 90 per cent approval rating in 1972 by Americans for Constitutional Action (ACA), a conservative organization that consistently supports a narrow interpretation of the Constitution. Curiously, however, Mann has endorsed one of the broadest, most permissive constitutional definitions of impeachment ever attempted in American history.

Asked by the *Minneapolis Tribune* to define an impeachable offense, Mann said he would be guided by Benjamin Butler, one of the House managers in the Johnson trial. Said Butler in his argument before the Senate:

> We define therefore an impeachable high crime or misdemeanor to be one in its nature or consequences subversive of some fundamental or essential principle of government or highly prejudicial to the public interest, and this may consist of a violation of the Constitu-

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tion, of law, or an official oath, or of duty, by an act committed or omitted, or, without violating a positive law, by the abuse of discretionary powers from improper motives or for any improper purpose.

Flowers, who was given a 68 per cent ACA rating in 1972, said that an impeachable offense need not be limited to criminal conduct but could encompass "substantial offenses," comparable in gravity to treason or bribery. Together with "high crimes and misdemeanors," those are the constitutional grounds for impeachment.

While both Flowers and Mann take a broad view of impeachment, they have hedged their positions by saying that they would require relatively strong proof in weighing the evidence. Flowers said, "I'm going to look at this thing as though I'm a Senator. I'm not going to pass the buck to the Senate and say, 'Here, you decide it.' I'm not going to vote impeachment as a House member unless I'd be willing to vote conviction as a Senator."

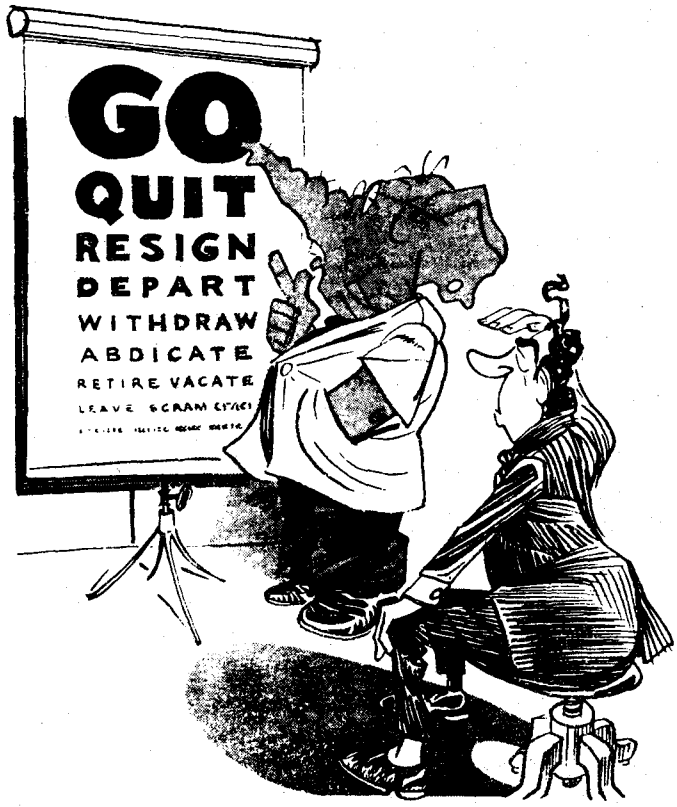
As impeachment comes to a head, Nixon will also have resourceful and determined defenders on the committee. One who may well take the lead in the President's behalf is Rep. Charles Wiggins, a Republican who now holds Nixon's old California House seat. "My district has a tradition of voting Republican and supporting Richard Nixon," Wiggins said.

When Rep. Robert Drinan (D., Mass.) said that he sponsored an impeachment resolution on the "assumption . . . that the President would have a hearing and that perhaps he can exculpate himself," Wiggins exploded: "That's a bunch of crap. This notion that impeachment will clear the air—that's a lot of nonsense and the members shouldn't fall for it. In our tradition, people are not asked to stand trial in order to prove their innocence."

Wiggins does not hold the rigid view that ties impeachment to criminal behavior. "I know the needs of the country are such that that kind of narrow definition is not adequate for all times and all places." But he adds, "I think in the final analysis the evidence will not justify impeachment, except by some unique standard that will apply to Richard Nixon and to Richard Nixon alone."

Then there is the ranking Republican, Rep. Edward Hutchinson of Michigan, who after the Christmas recess told a couple of reporters in his Washington office that impeachment was an issue of scant concern to his constituents. The matter was being kept alive, he said, by "Eastern newspapers" possessed of an anti-Nixon bias. Until recently almost unknown, Hutchinson is a taciturn conservative from a safe district who, by considerable good fortune, has risen to his ranking position within the relatively short space of ten years. He thus assumes the mantle of Ohio Republican William McCullough who, in concert with former chairman Emanuel Celler, wrote several landmark civil rights bills. Hutchinson comes from a different tradition, having voted against the Civil Rights Bills of 1964, 1965 and 1968.

Now he has moved to the President's defense. Having insisted at a recent press conference that "personal criminality on the President's part" is a necessary ingredient of impeachment, Hutchinson, as the committee's ranking Republican, is in a position to perform mischief and, possibly, to exacerbate partisan differences. Under committee procedures, he and chairman Peter Rodino will



Renault, McClatchy Newspapers (Calif.)
"Take It from the Top, Mr. President."

sign all impeachment subpoenas. Rodino has said that he is persuaded that the grounds for impeachment "do not necessarily have to arise out of criminal conduct." He would therefore like evidence from the White House that could shed light on a wide range of questionable Presidential activities, not just on some alleged statutory crimes.

But Hutchinson may well refuse to sign any subpoena aimed at illuminating activities that fall outside the scope of his impeachment definition. In that case, the matter would be referred to the full committee for resolution, possibly long before it is ready to begin voting on substantive impeachment questions.

Partisan wrangling would probably not deter the committee from voting for impeachment, but it could affect the outcome in the House. Said Richard Conlon, executive director of the Democratic Study Group in the House, "The real decision on impeachment will be made in the Judiciary Committee by the swing votes in the middle, and whichever way those votes go, that's the way impeachment will go. If the thing comes out of committee on a party-line vote, then the fat is really in the fire for both Democrats and Republicans and the final vote in the House will be very, very close."

But Conlon does not expect a close vote. For one thing, Albert Jenner, the committee's minority counsel, concurred in the staff report on impeachable offenses and that appears to be a signal of things to come. As a highly respected counsel for the Republicans on impeachment, Jenner's conclusions can serve only to stiffen the resolve of wavering Republicans who are flirting with

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a vote for impeachment. And, given the dreary history of Watergate, the safest vote for most House Republicans may well be to support a bipartisan committee action on impeachment.

Conlon's prediction of a "handsome" House majority for impeachment dovetails with the calculations of Democratic Majority Leader O'Neill, who estimated several weeks ago that some fifty Republicans are leaning toward impeachment. A notoriously cautious nose counter, O'Neill has since increased that figure substantially in private conversations.

In addition, a pair of voting studies indicate that in general moderates and liberals are gaining strength in the House at the expense of Nixon conservatives and that differences between Northern and Southern Democrats are lessening. According to Americans for Democratic Action analyses of key House votes in 1973, moderates and liberals have gained twenty votes in the Democratic caucus. That trend is further documented by a *Congressional Quarterly* report of a sharp weakening in 1973 in the position of the conservative coalition. The coalition is defined as a voting alliance uniting Republicans and Southern Democrats against Northern Democrats. In Congress as a whole, the coalition formed on 23 per cent of all recorded votes in 1973, a drop of 4 percentage points from 1972. In the House, the coalition was victorious 67 per cent of the time on these votes, as opposed to a 79 per cent level of success in 1972. Meanwhile, the *Quarterly* also found that vote-splitting between Northern and Southern Democrats declined from 35 per cent in 1972 to 29 per cent in 1973.

It is not certain how these figures will translate into votes for and against impeachment. However, it does seem evident that the old order in Congress is being replaced by a younger, more progressive group that is less likely to be guided by a symbol, an institution or a tradition.

The most recent Watergate indictments—and all others likely to follow—will probably push some fence-sitters into the impeachment camp, and it may even weaken the resolve of some who were until now die-hard defenders of the President. But as long as the sealed report on Nixon remains sealed and in Judge Sirica's hands, the most pertinent question raised by grand jury actions to date has to do with Nixon's executive responsibility for the criminal acts of his underlings.

Nixon's personal criminality theory, by its very narrowness, attempts to finesse the problem, but to many House members the significance of the indictment is inescapable in light of James Madison's words before the First Congress.

Arguing that the President should have a free hand in firing his subordinates, Madison said, "It will make him, in a peculiar manner, responsible for their conduct, and subject him to impeachment himself, if he suffers them to perpetrate with impunity high crimes or misdemeanors against the United States, or neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses."

Charles Morgan, a civil rights lawyer in the South who has fought on the side of the underdog for nearly twenty years, is certain of the outcome. Now executive director of the Washington, D.C. chapter of the ACLU, Morgan said: "Some things in life are pretty simple, like the difference between right and wrong—things your mommy and poppy taught you. So if you assume the average citizen is a pretty decent individual who will make the right decision when presented with the issues, the outcome is inexorable. Nixon will be impeached." □

CHILE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogotá

It may have something to do with the mountain air or the delicious dry wines or the beautiful women, but it is almost impossible to suggest to a Chilean that things may not work out as expected. When Allende assumed power, few were willing to contemplate a military coup, much less civil war. Chile was to be the exception, the proof that revolutions do not have to be written in blood. Yet how, one wonders, could capitalist laws accommodate a Marxist society when neither side was willing to compromise, even at the very start of Allende's administration? Inevitably, something had to break under the weight of two conflicting systems, but back in 1970 only the extreme Right and the extreme Left grasped the implications of a freely elected minority Marxist government facing a hostile congress and judiciary. Everyone else fell back on the clichés about peaceful, democratic traditions. After all, this was Chile, not Argentina.

Now that it is all over and Allende is dead, the mirror has been reversed and the same sort of thing is being said. The coup was simply a means to an end, to avoid a civil war and restore Chile's democratic traditions, say the junta's supporters. But since when have military dictatorships ever restored democratic traditions? For that matter, how many military rulers have voluntarily stepped down? Nevertheless, it will be different in Chile. "The junta will rule for two, three, maybe five years, but then they'll return the government to the civilians," a Chilean businessman predicted. "After all, this is Chile, not Brazil."

Ironically, that may be precisely why Chile's military junta will have to rely on a Brazilian-style dictatorship. Unlike most Latin American military governments which seized power from an ineffectual political elite (i.e., Peru under President Fernando Belaunde Terry or Ecuador under President José María Velasco Ibarra), the Chilean junta must contend with a sensitively politicized peasantry and working class which have already tasted the fruits of revolution. These are no pigtailed, illiterate Indians from

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the Andean highlands who meekly bow their heads at the return of the "patron."

The very size of the opposition is reckoned to be the principal reason for the junta's exceptionally harsh treatment of Allende's followers in the aftermath of the coup. At least that is what the junta's apologists like to think. "I know it was most un-Chilean," admitted a textile merchant, "but I think the savagery was meant as an example. If you shoot one man and leave his body on the street to rot, that may give others second thoughts about trying to oppose the regime."

How many were killed in the wake of the coup is the subject of hot international speculation. A member of the right-wing Liberty and Fatherland movement whose house is located three blocks from the Presidential palace told me he saw dozens of bodies in the vicinity. "On the evening of the coup a large group of Allendistas crowded on the roof of the building next door in order to make an escape. They tried to get the children and women across the roof of our house and down to the other side of the block by lowering a long line, but it was a terrible business, all shooting and screaming. I'm sure thousands were killed in Chile during the revolution."

But how many thousands? The military junta sticks to its story that only 831 civilians and 430 soldiers and police were killed, whereas reports appearing in the foreign press have suggested up to 10,000 dead. Impartial sources put the number at more than 2,000 for the first two weeks following the coup. Whether 1,200, 2,000 or 10,000, it still seems too many for a country which once cherished its peaceful traditions.

Reports now emerging from Chile also suggest the not altogether implausible possibility that many of the casualties were members of the armed forces who opposed the coup. Several hundred officers reportedly were shot the night before September 11; a school for pro-Allende noncommissioned officers of the *carabiñeros* (police) in Santiago is said to have fought for three days, and there have been reports of prolonged clashes with several regiments, including one in Talca, 155 miles south of Santiago. Enough circumstantial evidence exists to give some credence to these reports, including the arrests of *carabiñeros* who were attempting to escape with large quantities of arms, the government's call-up of army and air force reserves, and a junta order that all military vehicles carrying soldiers must identify themselves by a prearranged code.

Certainly, there is no reason to believe that the armed forces were unanimously behind the coup, as the junta likes to pretend. While most of the high-ranking officers are from the upper or upper-middle classes, the noncoms come from the same peasantry and industrial working class that supported Allende. Indeed, the generals now admit that one of the primary motives for seizing power was an appeal by Carlos Altamirano, the Socialist Party's secretary general, exhorting the troops to rebel against "reactionary officers."

Allende's Popular Unity coalition (U.P.) appears to have believed that, if it came to an ultimatum, the rank and file would not support a coup. According to an interview with a senior Communist (PCC) official in hiding, published by the Italian newspaper *La Stampa*, both Altamirano and Miguel Enriquez, secretary general of the extreme Revolutionary Left Movement (MIR), were convinced that the noncoms would not obey orders to overthrow the government. However, when the die was cast early on the morning of September 11, the U.P. parties told their followers to disperse and not to resist.

Such orders help to explain why Allende's supporters did not come to his aid during the attack on the Presidential palace, particularly since the U.P.'s paramilitary worker and student brigades supposedly could have called on an arsenal capable of supplying 20,000 irregulars. They also reflect Allende's own uncertainty in those last agonizing days of his administration, when the only alternative to a coup would have been to arm the people, thereby provoking civil war. Cornered by the conflicting doctrines of the legalistic, well-disciplined Communists and his own less organized, more violent Socialists, Allende could not decide, in Juan Domingo Perón's words, between a revolution "made with blood or made with time."

If nothing else, the coup has convinced the PCC that revolutions are made with blood, at least in Chile. At a meeting of the leaders of the U.P. parties two days after the coup, the Communists at last agreed with the Miristas that revolution cannot be achieved through peaceful parliamentary methods. Allende may be the martyr, but Fidel Castro is now the prophet.

That such a "congress," as one junta member described the meeting, could take place in Chile despite all the arrests and shootings suggests that the junta still has more than a little "mopping up" to do. Indeed, Gen. Augusto Pinochet, army commander in chief and the junta's President, has already warned that, although the state of siege might be lifted next June, a state of internal war could continue indefinitely. According to one Chilean general, "several hundred" trained terrorists eluded the military dragnet, carrying off large quantities of arms. Certainly, there is no lack of hiding places in which to seek a refuge.

Whether such clandestine activities will build up to a civil war or turn out to be a last gasp by the Left, as occurred in Uruguay, depends in large measure on how the junta deals with the working class and the peasantry. The U.P., after all, did not represent some small, far-out coalition. If a majority of Chileans celebrated the coup, almost as many bemoaned the fall of the first government in Chilean history which tried to improve the lot of the poor. The opposition complained all along—and with some statistical justification—that Allende ignored the rights and aspirations of the majority of the people. It remains to be seen whether that 54 per cent majority will respect the rights and aspirations of the other 43 per cent of the population, now that the shoe is on the other foot.

To date, there is little evidence to suggest that the junta intends to live up to its slogan of "neither victors nor vanquished." The nasty witch hunt which normally follows a Latin American coup is in full cry, with the usual arrests, dismissals and book burnings. Of the 10,000 people detained during the coup, some 1,500 are still in prison on as yet unspecified charges. Many of the

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13,000 foreigners living in Chile at the time of the coup face deportation; 3,500 have already left under the auspices of the Committee to Aid the Refugees. Diplomatic immunity for the lucky few who gained an embassy asylum is only relative. Swedish Ambassador Harald Edelstam was roughed up by the police while trying to escort a Uruguayan refugee from the Cuban Embassy to a nearby clinic for an emergency operation. Sweden has since recalled its ambassador.

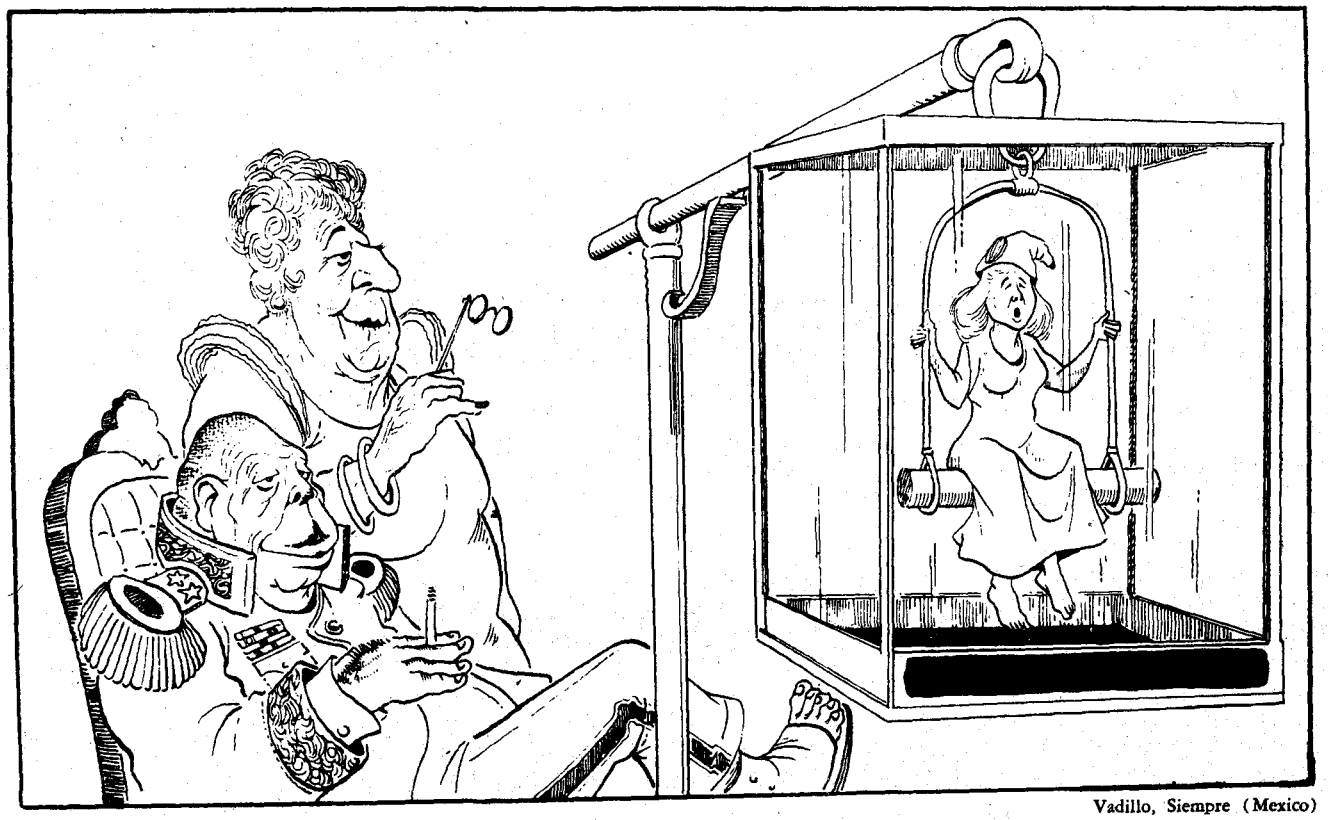
At least eighty-four persons have been killed while "trying to escape," a euphemism for the firing squad in most Latin American dictatorships. To encourage more Chileans to denounce their neighbors, the junta has promised an enticing reward—the contents of the victims' bank accounts. All the informer need do is call a special government answering service. Just how unpleasant the situation is may be judged from a report by three international lawyers sent to Chile by the United Nations to investigate the atrocity stories. "Human rights are systematically violated," and there have been a number of cases of torture and execution, said Leopoldo Torres, Spanish secretary general of the International Movement of Catholic Lawyers; Michel Blum, the French secretary general of the International Federation of Human Rights; and Joel Nordmann, the French international secretary of the Association of Democratic Lawyers. Torres added that the situation approximated the United Nations' definition of genocide.

Meanwhile, hundreds of Chileans have lost their jobs despite the junta's promise that no government employee will be sacked so long as he refrains from "proselytism or negative criticism." More than 1,000 miners have been dismissed from El Teniente copper mine. The state power company has fired 500 workers; the agrarian reform institute, 500; and the Central Bank, 400. Not only have other official entities followed suit but privately owned industries also have been encouraged to prune "excess" workers from the payroll. Those who are dismissed may be permanently unemployable, since no public agency or private company is likely to hire a Marxist.

Press censorship continues, and the once colorful newsstands which displayed every variation of political opinion now sell only the official line as published by the permitted few. Not surprisingly, all Marxist literature has been banned, but even the works of Pablo Neruda, Chile's Nobel poet, have been thrown to the bonfires. Fashion, too, has been forcibly changed: long hair and tight slacks are out. All political parties are "in recess" or have been banned, congress is closed, unions outlawed and the universities intervened. If it sounds all too familiar, perhaps it is. Indeed, it could be Argentina in 1966, when a dour general called Juan Carlos Onganía inaugurated a seven-year military dictatorship by burning books, dismissing professors and cutting hair.

The worst may be yet to come. As in Onganía's Argentina, the junta's idea of economic stability is a wage-and-price policy which inevitably enriches the rich and impoverishes the poor because wages are held down while prices soar. If anything brought Perón back to power in Argentina, it was the military's failure to understand just how bitterly the worker resented the erosion in his purchasing power.

True, the junta may have a valid economic argument for freeing prices. The combination of a bewildering array of absurd exchange rates, political prices for the poor,



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

Liberty

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and a flourishing black market to supply the upper and middle classes, made shopping in Allende's Chile an unreal experience: I bought a Yugoslav inflatable rubber raft which would fetch $300 in the United States for $28 at the black market exchange rate. On the other hand, prices have so increased since the coup (up to fifteen times for some staples) that inflation, far from tapering off, rose in 1973 by more than 500 per cent. If the U.P.'s economists could be accused of stacking the deck in the workingman's favor through whopping wage increases and a state-controlled food distribution network for the slums, it is also true that the workers' increased buying power produced unprecedented consumer demand. Now, there is a serious possibility of a recession because the worker's paycheck can no longer keep up with inflation. The junta canceled a 200 per cent wage increase scheduled by the Allende government for October 1, offering instead a small concession in the form of bonuses for overtime.

By freeing prices, the junta also has betrayed its promise to uphold the advances made by the workers under Allende. Many slum families are suffering genuine hunger. But when housewives from the *"poblaciones"* protested to Gen. Oscar Bonilla, the interior minister, and to Finance Minister Fernando Leniz about their husbands' late paychecks, the bonuses which were not paid, and the high cost of stew bones, they were told that "if free market prices are too high, it would be better to stop buying for a while until they come down." Which is fine if you don't have to eat.

Meanwhile in the countryside, the junta has abolished the land reform centers set up by the Allende and previous Christian Democrat governments, and has informed landowners that they can buy back their expropriated farms with state bonds they received in payment for the land. General Pinochet also announced that "the state guarantees the permanent inexpropriability of farms of 100 acres or less" and that farms larger than 100 acres will not be subject to expropriation in the foreseeable future. So much for agrarian reform in Chile.

If the workers are unhappy with the current situation, private enterprise, and most particularly foreign private enterprise, is delighted. Some 300 companies taken over by the Allende government are to be returned to their owners, forty of which are U.S. corporations. Dow Chemical Co. has regained control of its $34 million Petrodow plant, although the junta says it eventually will reduce Dow's participation from 70 to 40 per cent. Kennecott and Anaconda were virtually assured of some kind of compensation for their expropriated copper mines during talks in New York with Chile's foreign minister, Admiral Ismael Huerta. Huerta also held out the possibility of a joint venture to exploit the promising Abra copper deposits near the Chuquicamata mine. Abra contains one of the world's largest copper reserves, capable of producing nearly half of Chile's current output.

The prospect of compensation had an almost magical effect on the long-locked vaults of U.S. banks, which promptly agreed to provide a $100 million credit line to the new government. Such haste may appear unseemly in view of the three-year freeze on any credits to Chile (the state of the economy, which was the principal excuse for the freeze, is as unhealthy now as it was before September 11). But just as brash is British Leyland's gesture in giving the junta four cars valued at $25,500. Still, such British giants as Shell have been told they can now write their own ticket in Chile, and presumably that is worth the price of four cars.

The U.S. Government would like to contribute its bit, too, but so far has been able to extend only a $24 million credit for the purchase of 120,000 tons of wheat, because the U.S. Congress, at Sen. Edward Kennedy's behest, is considering a moratorium on loans to Chile until human and civil rights are respected.

The witch hunts, the repression of civil rights and the return of the foreign capitalist all have about them a sense of *déjà vu,* yet there are enough variations in the Chilean theme to make difficult comparisons with other failed experiments, such as Col. Jacobo Arbenz's Guatemala. Indeed, the coup may prove to be only the second act in the ongoing Chilean drama. For one thing, class divisions now are so marked that the majority simply cannot bring itself to hold out a helping hand to the minority—not that there is any historic precedent for it to do so. Many of those who acknowledged the need for reforms, who admitted that there could be no turning back to the old social and economic injustices, did so under the pressure of the Allende government's existence. If there was a time for compromise, it was during the Allende administration; now, with a military government in control, there is no need. Or so they believe.

The Chileans are a warm and hospitable people by nature. The slum dweller will nurse his neighbor through a winter-long pneumonia, caring for his children, cooking his meals. The middle-class Chilean, after one or two casual meetings, will insist you move into his house for a prolonged visit. Yet few members of Chile's various social strata can comfortably cross class lines, possibly because it has never occurred to them to do so, even when it might have been to their political advantage. The Christian Democrats and the Nationalists never ventured near the slums, on the theory that it was a waste of time, since the U.P. had all the votes sewed up. Likewise, the U.P. viewed the middle class as a lost cause, despite Castro's exhortations to "win over the middle strata of the people." Perhaps if there had been more dialogue—more time for dialogue—some sort of compromise might have been possible. After all, most of the world is tilting to the Left, if not everywhere with the speed or violence that Marx predicted.

What the upper classes fail to perceive is that, no matter who governs Chile, the "roto," or broken one, will never be quite the same again. When Perón gave the Argentine shirtless ones self-respect and a sense of political power, he forever changed the basis of Argentine society. No military dictatorship could alter that situation, although the armed forces wasted eighteen years in the attempt. Perón had nine years in government; Allende, three, but just as much, and perhaps more, was packed into the U.P.'s brief period of power. In both cases, the government was dealing with literate workers of European descent who are much more politically

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sophisticated than their counterparts elsewhere in Latin America. The techniques and the political motives may have differed, but Perón and Allende taught the worker the same thing—that he was a self-respecting human being who had a right to a decent standard of living.

The junta claims it recognizes that there can be no going back to a pre-Allende society, but given the deep class resentments, the differences between worker and boss and the burning political hatreds, it would take at least a humanitarian and far-sighted government to resolve the inevitable conflicts. The current regime has proved to be neither. The junta itself admitted that the military had no contingency plans beyond the overthrow of Allende, and what has emerged so far suggests a typical right-wing dictatorship with the usual tendency to slap down the slightest opposition, particularly from the workers.

But slapping down workers is no easy task in Chile. Like Argentina's combative industrial workers, the Chileans have a long history of strong, politically active unions. Moreover, the junta is indulging in wishful thinking if it believes that it can will the disappearance of the workers' political parties. The PCC, for example, has been around for a long time, since 1912 to be exact, and it has survived military dictatorships and banishment, only to re-emerge strengthened with a larger membership.

Fidel Castro, for his part, has made no secret of the fact that he is supplying arms, money and technicians to aid a revolt. A "Committee of Solidarity with the Anti-Fascist Resistance" has been organized in Havana by Chilean Marxists, including Allende's daughter Beatriz, and the Socialists' Altamirano. (His PCC counterpart, Luís Corvalan, is in jail). The committee is to coordinate its activities with Marxists in Chile "until concrete orientation arrives from the Revolutionary Command that operates in the Chilean interior." Whether an uprising occurs in the next few months or is simply a figment of the military's imagination, a guerrilla war is likely.

In the end, the only losers will be the Chilean people —the majority as well as the minority. Already, the leadership of the Christian Democrats and the moderate wing of the Nationalist Party is chafing under military rule, and the very people who advocated a coup have begun to complain about unaccustomed annoyances, such as a curfew and forcible haircuts, as well as the more ominous implications of press censorship and the military's refusal to seek civilian counsel. "The junta will have only itself to blame if its economic policies fail," is heard often in Chile these days, and this from the so-called majority that literally entreated the generals to take command. But the military, as often in Latin America, is not listening. □

THE OIL WENT THATAWAY

DONALD L. BARLETT & JAMES B. STEELE

After months of escalating oil prices and sporadic product shortages, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations in the week of January 21 finally assembled in a national forum to question the oil industry on the causes of the oil crisis. Fresh from holiday encounters with angry consumers back home, the Senators were quick to vent their constituents' frustration on the assembled oilmen. They grilled the executives on corporate profits, their companies' expansion abroad, their firms' relations with Arab rulers and other phases of their global operations. There were dramatic, news-making scenes, as when Sen. Henry Jackson placed a hurried telephone call to a Washington stockbroker to find out Exxon's 1973 dividend figures that a company executive could not provide. There were repeated photographs or television films of the executives seated uncomfortably under bright lights and submitting to a barrage of questions.

Since all of this made good theatre, the fact that the subcommittee was questioning the wrong corporate executives went unnoticed. The executives whose faces were flashed around the country that week were mostly officials of U.S. subsidiaries of the multinational oil companies. As such, they have played only a limited role in the corporate decisions that have led the nation into the present crisis. The men who should have been questioned by the Senators are the chief operating officers of Exxon Corporation or Gulf Oil Corporation, not officials of Exxon U.S.A. or Gulf U.S.A., as was the case with those two companies and the other majors summoned to the hearing.

The inability of the Senate subcommittee to make this distinction is not surprising. Most lawmakers, as well as most Americans, equate the names Exxon, Texaco, Mobil, Gulf and Standard Oil of California with the United States. All of those corporations were founded in the United States; their first operations were here; their international headquarters are here. Most of their stockholders are U.S. citizens. But in the last two decades in particular, these five multinational oil companies, which along with British Petroleum and Royal Dutch Shell comprise the so-called "Seven Sisters" of international oil, have undergone a fundamental change. And it is this change—more than the Arab oil embargo or the energy consuming habits of Americans—that is at the heart of the nation's current oil crisis.

For in this period, the United States became merely another customer of the American multinational oil companies which supply most of the free world's oil. The

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companies' annual reports to their stockholders and to the Securities and Exchange Commission display the pattern:

¶In the last ten years, the five largest multinational oil companies have sharply expanded their production, refining and marketing systems throughout Europe and Asia, and at the same time failed to build refineries and drill for oil at home.

¶Ten years ago, the petroleum sales of the five companies were about evenly divided between the United States and the rest of the world. By the end of 1972, these same five companies were selling nearly two barrels of oil in other countries for every barrel sold here.

¶The product sales of the five companies in the decade increased 119 per cent in the Eastern Hemisphere, where Western Europe and Japan are the leading markets, but only 46 per cent in the Western Hemisphere where the United States is the leading market.

¶The number of barrels of crude oil refined by the companies rose 32 per cent in the Western Hemisphere, compared to a 137 per cent jump in the Eastern Hemisphere.

The statistics on refining alone help explain why the United States today has a serious lack of oil. With demand running at upward of 18 million barrels daily, the nation has the capacity to refine only about 13 million. The shortage is made up by imports of refined products. Accordingly, in these months when most American refineries are straining to meet demand here, refineries across Europe are operating at a comfortable 80 to 85 per cent of capacity. Most European nations have a surplus refining capacity, and can accommodate unexpected spurts in demand, because the American multinational oil companies have built many new refineries on the Continent in recent years.

All of this expansion in the Eastern Hemisphere was designed to take advantage of emerging new petroleum markets in Western Europe and Japan. For all the talk about the American greed for oil, the fact is that consumption has been rising much faster in Europe and Japan than in the United States. In the last twenty years, demand for crude oil has increased 110 per cent in the United States, 2,567 per cent in Japan and 1,597 per cent in West Germany. The latter increase is typical of the explosive growth in oil consumption across Europe.

Even the major oil companies now acknowledge that it has been more profitable for them to expand overseas rather than at home. When releasing their sharply higher earnings for 1973, several of the majors went out of their way to point out that most of their 1973 profits were earned in the Eastern Hemisphere. They made no mention, however, that those Eastern Hemisphere profits were made possible, at least in part, through an assortment of special tax allowances and benefits granted to no other business, and through a series of bookkeeping devices which enable multinational corporations to transfer income from one country to another, from one subsidiary to another.

This shift in their refining and marketing operations abroad helps explain why the companies have exaggerated the effect of the Arab oil embargo on the United States. The companies are far more dependent on Arab oil to supply their markets in Europe and Asia than in the United States. Of the 20 million barrels of oil produced daily by Arab nations before the embargo, roughly a million barrels were coming into the United States. The rest went to other nations in the free world—but carried by the ships of the multinational oil companies to be refined in their refineries and sold in their stations.

Gulf Oil Corp., for example, has 79 per cent of its worldwide reserves of crude oil in Kuwait alone. Texaco has 80 per cent of its worldwide reserves in Arab nations. Exxon has invested $4.8 billion in the Eastern Hemisphere, mostly in Arab states or in nations dependent on Arab oil.

The disparity between the interests of American consumers and American oil companies was aptly pointed out by the Washington correspondent of the London *Economist* on January 19:

> The public is having to learn quickly what the oil industry and the government have known for a long time but never talked much about. Not only is the United States not self-sufficient in oil, but the great oil companies, with their mostly American names, have interests and responsibilities that are not coterminous with American national or consumer interests.

There is nothing wrong about going abroad to make a profit. What has gone wrong is that public policy has encouraged the multinational companies to explore and refine oil abroad at the expense of exploring and building refineries at home. And now, when their failure to expand at home has caught up with them, the companies choose to blame the American consumer for the crisis.

The single most favorable program that has encouraged the multinational oil companies to drill for oil abroad rather than at home has been the system of foreign tax credits. In 1951, the oil companies managed to convince the Internal Revenue Service that royalties paid to Arab rulers for oil produced in their nations were really income taxes. Therefore, instead of being entered in their ledgers as cost items, the royalties were defined as taxes deductible dollar for dollar from the companies' U.S. taxes. Since the oil produced by the major companies in the Arab states has supplied markets in Western Europe and Asia, the American taxpayer in effect has helped subsidize the sale by the American oil industry of petroleum products around the globe.

Not only has the IRS ruling deprived the U.S. treasury of billions of dollars, it has also relieved the American multinational oil companies of a major expense of operating abroad. In 1971, the last year for which the IRS has statistics, the oil companies deducted a total of $1.5 billion in foreign taxes from their U.S. tax bill—much of it in payments to Middle Eastern rulers. It is a measure of how primitive our understanding is of this industry that Senator Jackson, at his January hearings, had to ask officials of the major oil companies to provide Congress with specific information on the amount of foreign taxes each has deducted from its U.S. income taxes in recent years.

But the fact that the Senate's so-called leading energy expert was forced to ask the oil companies for informa-

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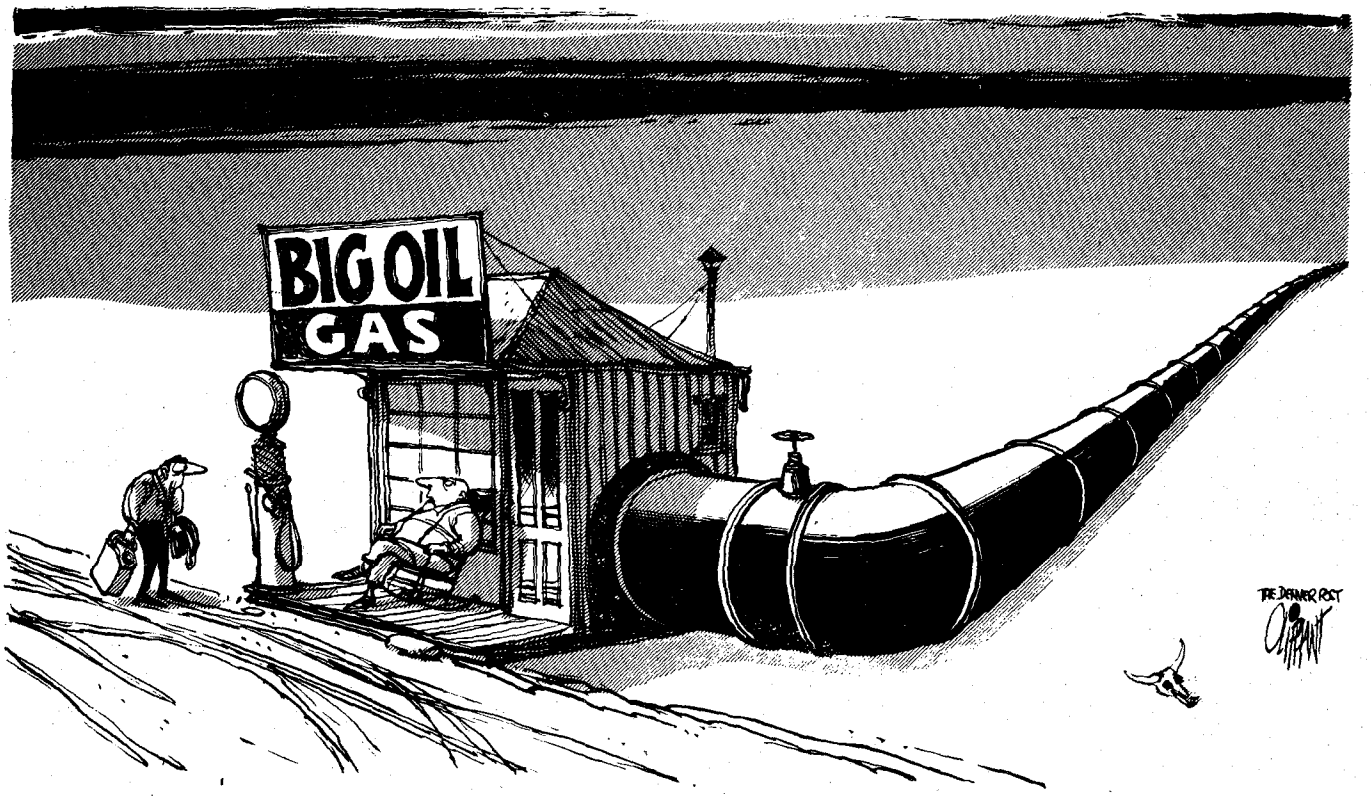

"Well, Maybe I Got Some, and Maybe I Ain't—What's It Worth?"

tion he should have had at his fingertips is not unusual. There is no independent government agency to collect data on the oil industry or other suppliers of energy. There is not even a federal agency to verify the statistics the industry hands out. This places federal officials at the mercy of the oil industry for guidance in planning public programs or making decisions that affect virtually everyone.

Over the years, the oil industry has consistently been wrong or off target in many major predictions about its future. Nevertheless, those predictions formed the basis of public policy. The oil import program is a good example. Oilmen argued in the late 1950s that unless mandatory quotas were enacted to restrict the amount of low-cost foreign oil coming into the nation, the domestic producing industry would be destroyed, exploration would decline, and the nation would become more dependent on foreign oil. President Eisenhower imposed the controls in 1959. By last year, when President Nixon abolished the program, the domestic oil industry was in sharp decline, exploration for new wells had fallen off, and the nation was rapidly becoming more dependent on imported oil. Everything the industry warned would happen without the quota program happened with it.

In the last year, the industry has eagerly fed fears that the nation was running out of crude oil. Major oil companies ran color advertisements showing bulging reserves in the Middle East and dwindling reserves in the United States, thus creating the false impression that almost all of the world's major oil deposits are in Arab hands. In fact, a substantial amount of oil lies untapped in many parts of the world, including the United States. Middle East oil is so attractive to the companies because it can be produced there far cheaper than anywhere else. The oil rushes to the surface with incredible force, thus minimizing costs.

The industry itself once looked pessimistically on the Arabian peninsula because geologic reports indicated that there was little hope of finding oil there. It was not until petroleum was found on nearby Bahrain in 1930 that the oilmen seriously began exploring in Saudi Arabia. Today, the American people are told by the industry and the government that Saudi Arabia represents virtually the only hope of meeting this nation's long-range future oil needs.

There is no more conclusive argument for a major independent government capability to monitor the oil industry than the way the government has tried to manage the crisis since the start of the Arab embargo. Beginning in October, when a high official confidently predicted that there would be "homes without heat" this winter, the Administration has consistently overdramatized the extent of the shortage and helped create much of the panic seen today at the gas pump.

Before the embargo, the United States received less than 10 per cent of its oil from Arab states, but estimates repeatedly issued last fall by Administration aides predicted an oil shortage this winter ranging from 12 to 17 per cent. President Nixon himself contended that the Arab embargo had plunged the nation into a major energy crisis.

The danger of having no oil-planning policy has also been apparent in the bungling attempts of the Federal Energy Office (FEO) under William Simon to distribute the gasoline that is available. Stock levels show that, with demand down, there should be about enough gasoline available to meet demands this winter. But the FEO's

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faulty allocation formulas have given some states more gas than they need and short-changed others, mainly in the East.

During the winter, the Administration has continued to blame the Arab oil embargo for the shortage, but now, when it is increasingly obvious that there is no worldwide shortage of crude oil, the accusation is less and less persuasive. Europe, which is totally dependent on imported oil—the bulk of it being produced, transported, refined and marketed by the U.S. multinational firms—is experiencing no serious oil shortages today. Conservation measures such as driverless Sundays have been dropped or eased in almost all European countries. The wholesale price of many fuels has been dropping in recent weeks in European markets. The Kuwait Government recently rejected bids on state-owned oil because it felt the bids were too low. The implication of these developments is that oil is available, if someone will buy it.

For the Netherlands, which received roughly 2 million barrels of Arab oil daily before the embargo—or twice as much as the United States was receiving—the multinational oil companies have successfully diverted supplies of non-Arab oil. The result is that the Dutch have plenty of oil and the Arab sanction against them has failed. But the multinational oil companies have not done the same thing for the United States, even though the United States received much less Arab oil than the Netherlands. Indeed, there has even been a decline in the amount of non-Arab oil coming into U.S. ports.

Non-Arab oil comes from Venezuela, Nigeria, Iran and Indonesia. Exactly where the decline has occurred is not clear, because the Administration has clamped a secrecy lid on the origins of oil imported into this country. For years, American taxpayers have given tax breaks to their oil companies to explore for foreign oil that might be required one day to meet the needs of the American market. The irony is that now, when such oil is needed, Americans are not getting it.

Speculation has risen that the oil companies are dissatisfied with the federal allocation program, which reportedly does not encourage some companies to import additional foreign oil. Whatever the cause, Congress and the Administration have been slow to grasp the fact that there is no worldwide shortage of oil and have failed to demand that the oil companies explain publicly why only the American consumer is cut short.

But even when such immediate problems as the embargo are resolved, the United States will still experience sporadic shortages of petroleum products in the period ahead. Refinery and storage capacity have not kept pace with a domestic demand that has been growing steadily at 4 to 5 per cent a year, while the major oil companies have expanded abroad to take advantage of emerging new petroleum markets that have been growing at rates up to 10 per cent a year. Some domestic shortages will thus be inevitable as the gap between demand and refining capacity continues to grow.

The oil crisis is a classic demonstration of multinational corporations in action. The major companies, most of them American, operate beyond the supervision or direction of the world's nations. Even the Arabs don't really know what happens to their oil once it leaves their shores. It is left to the companies to decide where to ship and refine it, what it will cost, which nations will get it and which ones won't. Right now, Americans seem to have come out on the short end of those decisions. □

OMBUDSMEN FOR THE PRESS

JOHN MAXWELL HAMILTON

It was unchecked power that led the Roman satirist, Juvenal, to ask, "Who is to guard the guardians?" Today this question is being asked of American journalism, a response to popular charges that news coverage is biased, inaccurate and self-serving. The press is perceived as sharing the faults of modern government but not the checks to its power. Unelected, journalists seem all the more distant and unresponsive.

There are good reasons for this uneasiness. The nature of the press has changed dramatically since the framers of the Bill of Rights guaranteed its freedom in 1791. Then the cost of publishing did not exclude all but the very rich, and journalists were neighbors, not faceless by-lines. Today, the First Amendment guarantees that money shall speak. The result has been fewer publications under the control of considerably fewer people. In 1910, 2,200 dailies were published in the United States; by 1972 nearly 500 had died, with the highest mortality occurring among metropolitan papers. At the same time, the trend has been away from single-ownership newspapers, so that seven major chains now control roughly one-fourth of the nation's dailies.

Newspapers are no longer owned by journalists; they are run by businessmen, many of whom divorce themselves from the news operation. S.I. Newhouse, whose empire ranges from the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, makes no attempt to control editorial content or enforce a standard of quality in his news-gathering operations. With the power of the press in the hands of men motivated by profit, it is little wonder that the public feels newspapers are no longer accessible or responsive. Disturbed by this widespread rancor, thoughtful journalists are examining their profession for ways to restore credibility.

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One of the most novel and controversial suggestions has been ombudsmanship, a Scandinavian institution dating back to 1809. As originally conceived by the Swedes, the ombudsman is an official appointed by the government to monitor its performance and to improve communications between citizens and the bureaucracies serving them. An ombudsman is free to initiate investigations as well as explore citizens' complaints. He has no specific power to make changes but may bring court proceedings against recalcitrant officials and may use the press to generate public opinion against undesirable government policies. In the last few years, ombudsmen have been introduced in American government, and the concept has been employed in business, education and, more recently, journalism.

The history of the journalistic ombudsman is brief but not without drama. In the March 1967 *Esquire*, press critic Ben Bagdikian first nudged others into considering the idea. He wrote: "Some brave owner someday will provide for a community ombudsman on his paper's board, maybe a nonvoting one, to be present, to speak, to provide a symbol and, with luck, exert public interest in the ultimate fate of the American newspaper."

New York Times editor A.H. Raskin developed this idea further in an article for the paper's Sunday *Magazine* ("What's Wrong with American Newspapers?" June 11, 1967): "The press prides itself—as it should—on the vigor with which it excoriates malefactors in government, unions and business, but its own inadequacies escape both its censure and its notice." The remedy, he concluded, is a "Department of Internal Criticism" with a mandate "to check on the fairness and adequacy of their [the papers'] coverage." Specifically, "the department head ought to be given independence in the paper to serve as an *ombudsman* for the readers, armed with authority to get something done about valid complaints and to propose methods for more effective performance of all the paper's services to the community, particularly the patrol it keeps on the frontiers of thought and knowledge."

Raskin's words may have been speculative rhetoric to the *Times*'s owners, but not to Norman Isaacs, executive editor of both the *Courier-Journal* and the *Times* in Louisville. On June 19, just eight days after the Raskin piece appeared, Isaacs wrote a memo to "All staffs," acknowledging the suggestion from New York and announcing that John Herchenroeder was now their ombudsman.

Herchenroeder, a native of Louisville and a lifelong newspaperman, has held the job and the title that goes with it, assistant to the executive editor, ever since. As ombudsman, he writes a daily appraisal of both papers for the owners, editors and reporters. He also handles reader complaints, a service that is publicized daily in a box that gives his address and telephone number, and reads, in part: "If you have a question or complaint regarding news coverage please contact our Ombudsman's office."

Herchenroeder confers with other editors, makes suggestions and can, if he wishes, run corrections. These are titled "Beg Your Pardon" in the *Courier-Journal* and "We Were Wrong" in the *Times*. He claims that, although there have been confrontations, his decisions have never been countermanded by editors senior to him. Herchenroeder attributes the success of his ombudsmanship to the independence given him. He says that expecting an ombudsman also to accept editing and reporting assignments from the paper is "like having the pitcher and catcher call the balls and strikes."

The leap from theory to practice can be perilous; and although Herchenroeder has been successful, other newspapers have seen their good men go over the side. *The Washington Post*, one of a number of papers that have consulted Herchenroeder, has been particularly unlucky.

The *Post* liked the ombudsman idea but thought it could improve on the Louisville model. In 1970, Richard Harwood was appointed ombudsman, with the additional responsibility of writing a regular critical column, "The News Business," on the press in general (including the *Post*). The column was also to be a forum for outside critics.

Though Harwood carried out the internal functions of reviewing the paper for the owner and its editors and handling reader complaints, he and the *Post* were highly praised for his column, which won him the George Polk Memorial Award for criticism in 1971. It also earned him some enemies at the *Post*.

In September 1971, after being ombudsman for a year, he switched positions with the man who had started the whole thing, Ben Bagdikian, then the *Post*'s national editor. Still the outspoken iconoclast, Bagdikian was in trouble from the start. Shortly after resigning, he put it this way to J. Anthony Lukas, a contributing editor for [*More*] magazine: "They wanted my footprints to disappear over the cliff."

Bagdikian began by refusing to write secret critical memos to the editors about members of the staff, a procedure he thought unethical. In addition to "The News Business," he wrote a seven-part series on prisons, which Lukas called "widely admired," but which he thought took too much time from Bagdikian's ombudsman duties.

Bagdikian wasn't out to win friends. He saw himself as a critic and the paper as his beat, and treated it as such. Occasionally during a casual conversation with *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, he would interrupt to say that if the conversation went any further it was "on the record," meaning he could use it in his column.

In April 1971, Bagdikian attended a Harvard symposium on "Race and Media" and was reported in an A.P. story as saying, among other things, that "blacks could use a boycott as one means to force newspapers to give coverage of black communities." Bradlee, then in the process of dealing with the Metro-Eight, a group of dissident black staffers at the *Post*, was furious.

Bagdikian says his statement at the symposium was made during a stormy question-and-answer session with blacks and was reported out of context. He adds with a wry smile that "the blacks thought up the boycott long before I suggested it."

Bagdikian's relations with the *Post* deteriorated steadily until he left the paper on August 17, 1972, after eleven months as ombudsman. The specific circumstances of his departure are unclear, but certainly related to his relationship with his bosses, principally Ben Bradlee.

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Bagdikian advised the new ombudsman, black newspaperman Robert Maynard, to insist on a contract. Maynard, younger than Bagdikian and considered by many to be more establishment, had been on a year's leave of absence from the *Post*. He had been offered several jobs, including the city editorship and a position with the African Bureau, when he returned. As he tells it, he was not enthusiastic about any of the offers until the ombudsman job was suggested. He wrote a letter stating the conditions under which he would take the job, and they were accepted by Bradlee. A contract was written.

Bagdikian's suggestion was sound. Maynard has been on the job since November 1972, and it doesn't look as though he will disappear prematurely, that is, before May 1974. Maynard's tenure is limited to eighteen months, an arrangement of which he approves, since it prevents the job from becoming institutionalized in one man. The *Post* can hire him for another job, if both agree.

Maynard's contract guarantees that his column, still called "The News Business," is his to write as he wishes. He sees himself as responsible only to the publisher, Katharine Graham, although the opinion-editorial section, where the column appears, is under the control of the editor of the editorial page.

Like his predecessors, Maynard handles reader complaints and calls that his most important function. He also writes internal criticism, but says that nothing he writes is secret. He feels that this is his least important task and says that he does not have time to do as much of it as the *Post* would like.

He can give no orders to editors or reporters and is against having such power, since he fears that, with it, he would become a censor and would be pulled into the newsroom, where he doesn't belong.

Maynard says the job has its problems and remaining independent is one of them. Besides staying out of the way of reporters, he tries to avoid executive meetings although he sometimes attends luncheons. Other problems are "that you are critiquing the guys you work for" and that criticism necessarily hits colleagues from time to time. Maynard's relations with the *Post* vary, "depending on what I wrote in my last column." He says no one has ever told him what to write, although editors sometimes do get angry.

In spite of its troubles, the *Post*'s brand of ombudsmanship is the most progressive. Other papers eager to show their community responsiveness want an ombudsman but seem reluctant to accept the consequences that go with it. The *Chicago Tribune*'s version of a people's representative is an "ombudsboy" when compared with the *Post*'s. Ombudsman duties are assigned to the editorial assistant, and are confined to reviewing the paper and handling reader complaints. He has no authority, simply the ear of the editors, who can publish corrections or take such other action as they feel his suggestions warrant. He does not write a press column for publication.

Denis Gosselin, who was the *Tribune*'s editorial assistant until he became Sunday city editor earlier this year, feels that all newspapers have ombudsmen of one sort or another. Gosselin made one of several *Tribune* inquiries to Herchenroeder concerning ombudsmanship. He says the *Tribune* has considered instituting a formal ombudsman but that the move has never gone beyond the discussion stage.

Although some papers make no pretense of having an ombudsman, they are apt to claim compensating factors. The *Boston Globe*, often criticized for being unresponsive to its community, is one such paper. The *Globe* has not appointed an ombudsman because, according to its editor, Thomas Winship, various operations of the paper add up to ombudsmanship. "It has proved a superfluous appendage on some newspapers," he says, adding that he is "satisfied that we are serving the function of a community paper."

One of the compensating operations is printing corrections of fact in a prominent place. Another, says Winship, is simply the willingness of his editors to listen to reader complaints. He stresses that the paper also criticizes itself in print. Several *Globe* staffers (Winship singles out Tim Leland and Bruce McCabe) frequently write critical pieces. In addition, the *Globe* "goes to elaborate length to invite outside criticism."

Finally, the *Globe* runs a column called "Ask the Globe." Columns of this type appear in many newspapers; their purpose is to help citizens who may be having problems with business or government. But they actually serve as ombudsmen between the people and bureaucracies, not between readers and their papers.

Unfortunately, action features like "Ask the Globe" and "letters to the editors" columns are not sufficent demonstrations of good faith with the people. When asked why they don't have an ombudsman, publishers sometimes respond with "why should we?" explaining that they see no obligation to be self-critical, since democratic society provides plenty of alternatives for critics.

But in truth the alternatives are few, ineffective and often unacceptable to the press. The least desirable solution is to establish panels of prominent local citizens to evaluate the performance of newspapers. Newspapers have made it clear that they will not recognize any organization of business and governmental leaders who have special interests. Those excitable souls who think such panels should be given legal power to enforce their recommendations forget that the First Amendment blocks any law "abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." In any case, the goal of responsible freedom will not be attained by taking the power away from one group and giving it to another.

A more reasonable possibility is the creation of local and national journalism reviews, run by independent journalists. In the past several years the number of reviews has increased, but it is doubtful that the newspapers they criticize pay any attention.

The real power of a review lies in its ability to bring negative public opinion to bear on newspapers, but journalism reviews are read mostly by journalists, and there are not enough of them to keep their shop-talk magazines out of the red. Ironically, the financial hardships that are killing newspaper competition also hobble criticism of the profession. There is hardly a journalism review today, either regional or national, that is not in financial trouble.

This fiscal weakness produces editorial problems.

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Because their resources are limited, the reviews depend on contributors who have full-time jobs on established papers. It is not unusual for a reporter who writes a highly critical piece to find himself transferred from political analysis to the police beat. If, fearing repercussions, he waters down his comments, the value of the criticism is compromised.

Bagdikian writes for journalism reviews and is an editor on the prestigious *Columbia Journalism Review*. Acquainted with the alternatives, he thinks ombudsmanship is the only way to expose average readers to serious criticism of the press. Not surprisingly, he has ready recommendations to increase the effectiveness of ombudsmen.

As when he was on the *Post*, he is most concerned with written criticism printed by the paper. Bagdikian thinks the many responsibilities of ombudsmanship warrant dividing them between two men. The external critic should be "a mature, experienced professional" whose career is not dependent on the newspaper he is appraising. Ideal candidates would be a distinguished journalism professor on sabbatical or a newspaperman on a leave of absence.

The essence of the ombudsman's success is independence. The first step to this, he feels, is a contract like the one given to Maynard. It should grant the ombudsman complete control over his column and should also limit his tenure, with a clause prohibiting a second term.

Bagdikian says that just being in the newspaper's building threatens independence. On the *Post*, reporters frequently came to him with stories, "hoping to get insurance" that they would be printed. He stresses that the ombudsman should have nothing to do with the paper until it hits the streets. Then he handles reader complaints and writes his criticism if he wishes.

Bagdikian's enthusiasm is not shared by all journalists; indeed, many think that ombudsmanship and all other varieties of self-criticism are a fad. One of these, a freelance writer named Cable Neuhaus, wrote the following for *The Quill*, a national journalism review last year: "It [press criticism] is a trend that, like all trends, will ultimately pass. But in its wake perhaps the public will better understand—even if just a teeny bit—this business we call journalism."

Neuhaus' observation is, one would hope, wrong. "Public understanding" is not the ultimate purpose of criticism. Consolidation of the press in the hands of a few is not likely to be reversed in the foreseeable future; therefore, effective "in-house" critics are a vital factor in making the paper accountable to the community. If ombudsmen do not exist to challenge the exercise of power by newspapers, the question will remain: "Who is to guard the guardians?" □

HAWAII WITHOUT THE PINEAPPLE

MARY ALICE KELLOGG

Honolulu

For most people, the word "pineapple" conjures up visions of Hawaii. Indeed, a visitor to the islands can't get away from the formidable fruit: airline meals drip with it, the airport is filled with booths selling cartons of the thorny commodity to tourists coming and going, and just off the highway to Honolulu looms the Dole water tank in the shape of a giant pineapple.

Hawaii was once the world leader in pineapple; in 1950 it supplied 72 per cent of the global supply. At that time nine pineapple companies were shipping 30.8 million cases a year of pineapple and its juices. The companies imported workers from Samoa, the Philippines and elsewhere, and set up plantation housing and canneries to support the boom.

But those days are over. Of the nine companies, only three survive—Del Monte, Castle and Cooke (Dole) and Maui Land and Pineapple. Hawaii's share of world production has dropped to less than one-third for reasons that were predictable: non-Hawaiian imports of pineapple to the U.S. mainland have jumped 204 per cent since 1950; higher labor and land costs in the islands have forced American companies to grow the fruit in Thailand and the Philippines, where the going wage in some cases is 10¢ an hour.

Even though these developments were inevitable, and even though the companies insist they intend to stay in Hawaii to market fresh pineapple, the Hawaiian workers and government are running scared. Faced with an inflationary economy and a dropping tourist base, the state of Hawaii is fighting to keep the industry that grosses $137 million a year and employs 5,500 year-round and 12,500 seasonal workers, who are paid the highest agricultural wages in the world ($2.85 starting hourly wage on the plantation, $2.78 in the cannery). The breaking point seemed to come last June, when Dole and Del Monte announced that they were shutting down their pineapple planting operations on the island of Molokai by 1975 and would curtail Oahu cannery and planting operations that same year. These decisions seemed to foretell the death of Hawaiian canned pineapple. The companies have been trying their best to justify their actions, insisting publicly that fresh pineapple will still be around to give the state some income, while admitting privately that fresh pineapple is a last-ditch gamble to stay in the United States.

Says Del Monte's Frank E. Dillard, Jr., manager of the Hawaiian division, "Pineapple is a highly labor-intensive operation, with much of the planting done by hand. Phasing out canned Hawaiian pineapple was inevitable—it would have happened sooner or later, and then you get to the point where it just isn't economical

Mary Alice Kellogg, a correspondent in Newsweek's *San Francisco bureau, has recently returned from a visit to Hawaii.*

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any more." Del Monte is cutting its Hawaiian production by 40 per cent. Its Philippine operations (begun in 1928; Del Monte was the first U.S. pineapple grower to go there), Dillard insists, have actually helped to subsidize Hawaiian losses and therefore to keep Del Monte in Hawaii. Neither Del Monte nor Dole will disclose actual loss figures; Dillard says only that his company's losses have "increased substantially." He does contend, however, that "today it costs more than two times as much to produce a case of canned, sliced pineapple in Hawaii as it does in almost any other major growing area in the world." Today, 20 per cent of U.S.-consumed pineapple comes from Taiwan and Malaysia.

"Since the mid-1960s, our Hawaiian division has operated at a loss. Labor costs account for 50 per cent of our operations here and that is the rub," Dillard says. "No high-labor cost area can compete with a low-labor cost area in producing labor-intensive food crops. It's that simple." So Del Monte, employing about 4,000 regular and seasonal employees in Hawaii, will furlough 240 regulars on Molokai by 1975. "There was some emotion when we made the announcement," Dillard recalls, "but now people are looking ahead to the realization that something is going to have to take the place of pineapple on that island." No one, however, will suggest exactly what that replacement will be. "We hope the future of the Hawaiian industry will depend on fresh," Dillard says. "We don't see any major competition for the U.S. market." Del Monte's exports of the fresh fruit have risen 50 per cent a year for the past three years, and this year they'll ship 20,000 tons of the fruit.

By 1975, Dole expects only 25 per cent of its pineapple to come from Hawaii, compared with 100 per cent in 1959. It is cutting out 10,500 acres on Molokai by 1975, and half of its 9,000-acre Oahu plantation as well, and the staff at Castle and Cooke is showing signs of paranoia over the reaction. "We are being roundly denounced for our closing of the Molokai operations with little fairness to the real facts," laments Charles J. Bauman, Castle and Cooke vice president for the Hawaii region. "Not only did we extend the life of the plantation for five years but it cost us $9.5 million in the bargain. . . . We cannot and do not begrudge the fact that salaries and wages are high here and the fact that they can only go up because the living costs are going up and income must keep up. The point is, we in Hawaii only physically live on an island; economically we live in a world environment. The pineapple industry cannot specifically or solely exist for the interest of the people of Hawaii."

Dole is also pushing fresh pineapple to soften the blow. In 1967, it shipped no fresh; in 1973 it shipped 50,000 tons, and expects this to rise to 75,000 tons in 1974. "The plantations have populated the islands," says Castle and Cooke President Donald Kirchhoff. "Historically the companies brought in people to work, and as people earned more money they didn't want to work in the fields. We created our own monster. But the point is we're not popping out of Hawaii and running anywhere; we're going to preserve Hawaiian pineapple but in a different form. Fresh is actually much better."

The Dole cutbacks will affect 692 of the 1,697 regular employees the company currently has in Hawaii. Kirchhoff, a slick, ambitious businessman and heir apparent to the Castle and Cooke board chairmanship, admits that "The Molokai job situation is one that concerns us very much. We are actively looking for things that the cannery can do to maintain a processing operation as a source of employment." He then presents the dilemma of displacing Hawaiian workers: when it announced the Molokai operation cutback, the company offered sixty pineapple planters jobs on a neighboring island, but only two were willing to go. What Kirchhoff fails to mention is that the average age of a pineapple worker in Hawaii is somewhere around 40, and the cultural uprooting is so severe for many of the workers that they prefer to stay on their native island on welfare, if necessary, rather than transfer.

Castle and Cooke went into the Philippines in the early 1960s, following Del Monte's example (which Del Monte's Dillard defends with, "If we hadn't gone into the Philippines to grow pineapple, some other nation's company would have"). Dole has 14,000 acres in the Philippines, which will produce 300,000 tons of canned pineapple this year. The company went into Thailand two years ago, with the same acreage and production of 60,000 tons in 1973. Each operation employs about 6,000 people.

A problem the companies aren't talking much about is the current round of labor negotiations which have been in progress since December 4 between the companies and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, Local 142. On January 31 the contracts expired for both sugar cane and pineapple workers, and the ILWU is holding one hostage for the other. (Del Monte isn't in Hawaiian sugar cane; Dole is. There are five companies that deal with sugar cane, and the ILWU negotiates all contracts at the same time.)

From the union's point of view, the ongoing negotiations have grave national implications. "The essential problem is what to do with the displaced worker," says ILWU research director Barry M. Silverman. "Through our demands we are going our own route in carving out new territory. There is more at stake here than Hawaiian pineapple. If we don't meet the companies in a dramatic situation like this, where there are clear-cut issues, who can say what will happen in situations where the issues aren't so clear? The companies will be able to do whatever they want."

Silverman sees grim days ahead for the Hawaiian worker. The state has no real industrial base to speak of, and the agricultural base is significantly shrinking because of mechanization and the consolidation of mills. Tourism is probably peaking as an alternate employment opportunity because of the recession. In the case of the pineapple workers, there is the added element of breaking cultural bonds. "Molokai people don't want to go anywhere else," Silverman says. "The companies say they'll try to find them hotel jobs. Well, a job in a Waikiki hotel is no picnic. A lot would sooner accept welfare than accept something which isn't a way of life. We're arguing that, because the companies brought the

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workers here, and made use of the land and people, they have a continuing responsibility to the people. As long as the pineapple here was profitable they imported workers. Now that they are discovering there is more profit in Southeast Asia, they want to get to hell out of Hawaii."

The union will likely insist that there will be no settlement in the sugar and pineapple negotiations until there is job security for displaced pineapple workers. It insists as well that all the companies be held responsible for one another's actions in displacement and employment. Strike possibilities have been obvious throughout the negotiations, and this could be a problem for the ILWU. It is tough to convince the sugar workers that even though a strike is not in their immediate interest, it is critical for them in the long run. Thomas Trask, ILWU international representative and a native of Hawaii, doesn't think this presents a big problem, and is convinced that union sugar and pineapple workers understand the issues affecting Hawaiian agriculture. "We've got a hell of a record of solidarity on this island. We're all in this mess together and if necessary we're going to go down together. These characters at the companies have a moral obligation. They make money in Hawaii for years and this helps them start their foreign operations. Complaints about foreign competition merely make up a case of the robber yelling 'stop thief' to divert attention from his own activities. As long as they could get workers in the Philippines for 10¢ an hour, of course the demise of the canning industry in Hawaii was inevitable."

Trask adds that the companies complain of foreign competition, yet oppose tariffs and quotas of foreign pineapple because it would hurt their own operations. The ILWU would support quotas on foreign pineapple similar to those on sugar under the National Sugar Act of 1938, non-native pineapple being limited to, say, 35 per cent. The Hawaii Congressional delegation is considering a bill on such a quota.

The companies are publicly and privately cautious about the current labor negotiations. "I think the union is going to admit that we aren't going to carry on something that is a dead horse," says Castle and Cook Chairman Malcolm MacNaughton. "I agree we have the responsibility to provide employment but we don't have a responsibility to provide employment and lose money. In relocating, we've given the workers an opportunity to move. I've found that people generally take care of themselves better than you can take care of them." As to a strike, MacNaughton leans back in his leather chair and says, "Hell, we all live together. Nobody's going to win that kind of a fight."

Del Monte's Dillard credits the ILWU with a history of "knowing how to deal with the economic facts of life," and says he hopes the union "will recognize the serious problem facing the industry. The future of the reduced industry here depends on increased cooperation among the unions, the companies and the state government."

For its part, the state government lavishes little affection on the pineapple companies. At a hearing in Honolulu before the Hawaii Congressional delegation in October, state Senate President David G. McClung denounced the multinational corporations as "monsters" and proposed that "the total question of the multinational corporations be raised at the federal level, and as quickly as possible. . . ." McClung concluded that "We can talk all we want about our pine technology, about our product being the best. But until it is no longer economically attractive to operate under the protection of the American flag as multinational corporations, our fields may become the parking lots of tomorrow."

Hawaii's government is committed to preserving agriculture, especially sugar cane and pineapple, and supports higher standards to keep inferior quality pineapple products out of the U.S. market. It advocates modifying tariffs to give U.S. pineapple as much protection from foreign competition as other U.S.-produced fruits receive and is working on an easing of strict U.S. pineapple quotas by countries like Japan. Only three companies were opposed to tariffs at the hearings, a fact which didn't surprise government officials.

An organization even more antagonistic to the multinationals than the state government is Life of the Land, a local nonprofit group dedicated to salvaging what's left of the islands. Head of the group is Tony Hodges, who insists that "The person being screwed by this whole situation is the worker. Agricultural lands should not be rezoned in Hawaii. If Castle and Cooke and Del Monte were truly interested they would have supported raising a tariff barrier. But they keep lands in pineapple to avoid taxes and the fields are used as a tax shelter. All they're doing is training pineapple lands to be resorts."

Hodges decries what he calls the "rampant rezoning of agricultural lands" by the companies, with the support of the ILWU, which also represents hotel workers (the state chairman of the Land Use Commission is a local ILWU official). But his main concern is for the worker who is caught in the intrigue. "Look, they say they hire these guys but they don't. You don't have a 45-year-old guy who's been picking pineapples all his life, and presto, put him in a suit and make him a night club entertainer. The pineapple worker has a house paid for by the company and then all of a sudden he's thrown into the dollar market. What happens to him?"

At this point, no one knows. Workers are slowly being given early retirement, or severance, or being offered jobs in hotels or on other islands. They must sort out their lives in the face of intractable facts: in the 1950s, 73,000 acres were planted to pineapple; by the end of 1975, only 40,000 will remain. Pineapple is responsible for 3.5 per cent of current personal income in Hawaii, and no one is sure how that will be affected when the phase-outs take effect this year. For the worker, it is a case of waiting, and for companies and union, one of difficult bargaining over some intangible moral issues.

In what was perhaps an inadvertently ominous oversight the Dole pineapple water tank was not given its annual paint job this year, and the once distinct pineapple lines are fading into chipped anonymity. "It was bound to happen," says Tom Hitch, senior vice president of the First National Bank. "Years ago we in Hawaii had the technology and the know-how. Then the rest of the world began to catch up. We just got a jump on the rest of the world, that's all. You can't keep that forever." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Where the Highest Standard of Living Went

EUROPE VS. AMERICA: Contradictions of Imperialism. *By Ernest Mandel. Monthly Review Press. 160 pp. $5.50. Paper $2.45.*

ALAN G. NASSER

In his 1961 trade expansion message to Congress, four years after the formation of the European Economic Community (EEC) or Common Market, President Kennedy urged that an "open trade partnership" between the United States and Western Europe would shatter "Marxist predictions of capitalist empires warring over markets and stifling competition." But before the close of the decade the rhetoric of cooperation and mutual interest had given way to a growing atmosphere of resentment and suspicion whose first major European expression was J.-J. Servan-Schreiber's warning in *The American Challenge* that Europe was in mortal danger of becoming a satrapy of the United States. The villain was the industrial penetration of Europe by American multinational corporations, whose large-scale investments in such key EEC industries as computers, farm machinery, telecommunications, synthetic rubber, petrochemicals, petroleum marketing and office equipment, along with accompanying injections of technological, marketing and management skills, had threatened to deprive Europe of control of its economic development by placing decisions about industrial innovation and technological creativity in the boardrooms of the invading American companies. The United States, in turn, was soon to express grave apprehensions of its own toward Europe, Canada and Japan, as the postwar "Atlantic Alliance" showed increasing signs of hostile tension. "There is no longer any need," President Nixon declared in his August 1971 speech announcing the NEP, "for the United States to compete with one hand tied behind its back." And Henry Kissinger, in an address to the Associated Press last April, had this to say in the wake of Europe's refusal to rescue the faltering dollar: "The prospect of a closed trading system embracing the European Community and a growing number of other nations in Europe, the Mediterranean and Africa appears to be at the expense of the United States and other nations which are excluded." Four months later the Europeans rejected the Kissinger-drafted U.S. resolution on transatlantic unity.

The advent of the "year of Europe" has in fact intensified the atmosphere of rivalry. Recent Nixon-Pompidou discussions regarding European defense and trade and monetary policies were icy; negotiations—in Geneva between U.S. and EEC representatives, and in Brussels among EEC ministers—concerning U.S. demands for trade concessions to compensate the export reductions expected to result from the recent expansion of the EEC, have met with firm European resistance; and prospects for the coming discussions between Nixon and European leaders are bleak. Kennedy's concern with "Marxist predictions" of serious commercial opposition between the United States and its advanced capitalist competitors was not to be sneezed at.

How did these antagonisms arise, what tactical and strategic imperatives do they now impose upon the contestants, and in which directions can the present situation develop?

It is to these questions that the Belgian Marxist, Ernest Mandel, directs his analysis in *Europe vs. America.* This small book is a mine of information on trends in the world capitalist economy since the end of World War II, with particular emphasis upon the economically advanced nations. Mandel succumbs to neither the "value-free" pretensions of so many mainstream economists, nor the Procrustean contortions of sectarian Marxism, as he traces the shifts in the relative economic positions of Europe and the United States over the past quarter-century.

Mandel's analysis points to the inadequacies of the position on the Marshall Plan of the Stalinist-led Communist parties, and those of the grim prognostications of Servan-Schreiber. The Stalinists contended that the economic integration of Europe after the war was intended to effect the political and economic subordination of Europe to the United States. The Marshall Plan, during which 12 per cent of the federal budget was allocated for foreign aid, was (the story went) the chief instrument of this imperial design. There was a serious shortcoming to the Stalinist position: imperial policy generally cripples target economies; rarely does it refurbish them, as was the effect of the Marshall Plan. America's postwar global strategy of "containing" Soviet communism and crushing movements for national independence (which display an embarrassing tendency to develop along Socialist lines) required a strong and united capitalist front, and this meant the restoration and support of the U.S.'s European and Japanese competitors. The economic reconstruction of America's allies was, as Mandel argues, a crucial aspect of the cold war. Servan-Schreiber's failure to place American-European economic relations in historical perspective led him to overestimate greatly the relative strength of American capital. It was clear in the early 1950s that European growth rates were substantially higher than American, a trend that was to persist for two decades. And Japan's growth rate, by the mid-1960s, had exceeded both Europe's and America's. By 1965, Western Europe's share of international trade had risen to over 40 per cent, from under 34 per cent in 1947. During the same period, North America's share had dropped from 27 per cent to 18 per cent, and Japan's had risen from less than 1 per cent to 4.5 per cent. Indeed, there was a strong *defensive* motivation in the original flight of U.S. capital to Europe, whose markets, expanding much more rapidly than America's, were a key factor in halting the steady decline in the U.S. share of world trade. European tariff barriers and low labor costs disadvantaged U.S. exports; it was only by moving production overseas that American multinationals were able to forestall foreign competition. If Proctor and Gamble, Deere, Squibb, Burroughs, and Union Carbide, among a host of other companies, had not invaded Europe, companies like Unilever, Telefunken, Deutz and Fiat would have threatened American capital not only in their home markets but also in the United States. In spite of the success of American firms overseas, Europe continued to outpace the United States in

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growth, and the gap in real living standards steadily narrowed. Thus, the conditions that brought about America's current difficulties in the field of international trade began long before the conception of *Le défi américain*.

Why was the handwriting on the wall invisible to most observers? Naively utopian views concerning technological development played a major obfuscating role. American capital's transfusion of a portion of its coveted monopoly of advanced technologies to its European subsidiaries was supposed to have augured U.S. domination of Europe's "post-industrial future." This prospective takeover could only be prevented, Servan-Schreiber argued, by a united Europe that would create a technological and scientific base of its own. Business leaders and liberal social critics in both the United States and Europe shared the conception of technological development as an economic and political panacea. The crisis-generating aspects of American technological superiority were hardly glimpsed. As Mandel points out, much of the scientific discovery and technical improvement that benefited the U.S. civilian economy, especially in chemicals and electronics, was a by-product of enormous outlays for research and development aimed at military and space applications. In 1962, well over half of our $17 billion R&D expenditures were spent for military and space programs. The intimate connection between technological development and militarism has been a major factor in the persistence of the twin plagues of secular inflation and balance-of-payments deficits in the U.S. economy over the last two decades. Military production, by increasing employment and purchasing power without correspondingly increasing the availability of consumers' goods, imparts a powerful impetus to price inflation. And U.S. domestic military spending has always gone hand in hand with large-scale government spending overseas, in the forms of military and economic aid and war making. These government activities were the most significant factors by far in the creation of the chronic postwar payments deficit. And both inflation and the payments deficit have been the major determinants of the dollar devaluations and subsequent crises that have wracked the international monetary system. Because they did not appreciate the intrinsic connection between U.S. technological leadership and the militarized economy, most observers were unable to foresee the forthcoming decline in U.S. economic power.

On the contrary, they regarded the economic liberation of Europe as being tied to the emulation of U.S. business. America's relative superiority was correctly seen as reflecting higher productivity, which in turn had two roots: technological monopoly and size. The former has proved to be temporary; Western European and Japanese firms have succeeded in imitating or adapting American discoveries which they now produce efficiently and in bulk. The enormously greater size of U.S. firms, implying larger financial resources, higher profit rates and superior access to money markets, has allowed them to purchase the most expensive modern equipment and spend larger amounts on research. The relative size of U.S. firms has had much to do with the extraordinary degree of concentration within the American economy—and the especially rapid growth of these firms in the late 1960s was the result of a wave of mergers. In one of his richest chapters, Mandel describes how European industrialists set out both to emulate and to counter American concentration. "Certain sectors of industry demand such intensive investment to attain profitable production that even all the companies in that sector in each individual EEC country together cannot provide it." In such cases production requires international financing, which has already been undertaken in (among others) the aviation, photographic, chemical and iron and steel industries, as well as among various Western European financial and banking groups. Existing trends point in the direction of *international* concentration, the interpenetration of capital across national boundaries. The socialization of "productive forces" transcends not only private ownership, as in classical Marxian theory, but also the limits of the nation state. Forces are already in motion, Mandel argues, that would naturally result in the formation of *European* companies.

International mergers raise extremely complex questions of commercial and financial law which EEC business leaders have barely begun to resolve. But if Mandel is correct, the inevitable intensification of international capital concentration within the EEC and the increasing aggressiveness of America's "economic diplomacy" (to use John Connally's recent phrase) will force capitalists to recognize the economic impotence of the sovereign nation state in an age of increasing international integration and competition. In the long run, the current loose confederation of states constituting the EEC will evolve into at least the functional equivalent of a new federal state, equipped both to service the internal requirements of this new kind of private property and to speak with a single voice in dealing with the United States. Or else it will fail to adjust to economic reality, and will fulfill the grimmest forecasts of Servan-Schreiber. In the meantime, intimations of what could lie in store as America's rivals decide to flex their muscles without the benefits of a united European state have already begun to appear. A bill recently sponsored in Congress to curb foreign control of American companies was prompted in part by the attempt of the Canada Development Corporation, a creation of the Canadian Government, to take over Texasgulf, a Texas-based mining giant whose biggest property is the Kidd Creek silver and zinc mines in Ontario. Canada's displeasure with U.S. domination of its industry is well known, and its desire to control its own resources is reflected all over Western Europe. There has been increasing talk in European business circles of takeover bids aimed at good-sized U.S. companies. In fact, Europeans have already begun what promises to be heavy investment in America.

Such an alternative is of course entirely in accord with the strategy of meeting the American challenge by emulating American business. Direct investment in America by foreign companies has more than doubled in the last ten years, and businessmen on both sides expect an even faster growth rate before the end of the decade. Companies like Nestlé Alimentana, Michelin, Burda Drück, Volvo and the Japanese firm, Auburn Steel, have initiated an investment program that reflects our trading partners' determination to give America a taste of its own medicine—and the recent wave of European mergers has created corporations large enough to afford the necessary overseas investments. There is good reason to believe that as these consolidations accelerate, so will Europe's taste for U.S.-based production: the economists Robert Rowthorn and Stephen Hymer have shown that size is a major determinant of overseas investment.

Foreign investment is of course not the only means by which the competitors hope to improve their positions. U.S. business leaders and political policy makers have recently launched a campaign to stimulate exports, with the converging aims of tipping the trade balance in America's favor, and saving the sinking dollar by counteracting the payments deficit. But these aims place the United States in a zero-sum relationship with its rivals and only serve to underscore in the eyes of Europeans the manifold conflicts of interest that characterize the

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present world of international trade. And all parties concerned are aware that the stakes are especially high for America, involving nothing less than the deteriorating international strength of the dollar. Unfortunately for U.S. policy makers, sources as varied as Mandel, the International Economic Policy Association, the radical economists Paul Sweezy and Harry Magdoff, and the Bryn Mawr economist Richard Du Boff concur that America's chances for a persistent favorable trade balance are close to zero. Even on the dubious assumption that a trade strategy offers some chance of success, the most likely means of implementation would offer only a Pyrrhic victory. Most desirable on international markets are our agricultural products, yet to export these in sufficient quantities to counteract the payments deficit would aggravate the current inflation to the growing detriment of workers.

This does not seem to trouble Nixon and his policy-making cronies: John Connally has recently called our ability to export foodstuffs "a great economic weapon" (against whom?), and Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz insists that American agriculture must "export or die." Accordingly, on October 1, the Commerce Department lifted the remaining controls on agricultural exports, including soybeans, cottonseed and livestock feed. On the other hand, *not* to meet growing export demands would only pique our already edgy allies (witness the frantic reaction of the French and the Japanese to Nixon's brief restriction on soybean exports). At this critical juncture in the history of the U.S. economy, any serious attempt to resolve trade problems at the national level threatens serious disruption at the international level—and vice versa.

Once again, the roots of the present crisis can be traced to America's postwar stance vis-à-vis Europe and Japan: our decision to rebuild the war-torn economies of our former adversaries and allies resulted in an increase in their standards of living which has generated unprecedented demand for our agricultural products and placed an uncomfortable inflationary burden on American working people. And, ironically, the socialisms we tried so valiantly to crush have performed well enough to further aggravate the U.S. inflation: the effects of the grain deal with the Soviets are well known, and the inflationary results of our exports of one-half the cotton harvest to China and Japan are already being felt in this country. Policy makers are and will continue to be under strong pressure to deal with persistent economic crisis by placing a gradually tighter squeeze on the working population. This issue, ignored by orthodox economists, receives balanced and judicious treatment from Mandel in his concluding chapters. □

On Being Sentenced to History

FROM THE DIARY OF A SNAIL. *By Günter Grass. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 310 pp. $7.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

In 1969 Günter Grass stumped West Germany speechifying for the Social Democratic Party and spreading the light about Willy Brandt, the underdog in the approaching elections. Grass, as one of the famous novelist-custodians of the new Germany's consciousness, felt compelled to take notes for present and future generations on the fluctuations of an intellectual's political temperature. What he gleaned from his "waste book," however, is no more a political record than Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, and no more like a diary than "Hyperion to a satyr." *From the Dairy of a Snail* is, in fact, shreds and patches of fiction, history, philosophy, autobiography, art history and zoology, seamed drunkenly together on every page to make a crazy quilt that is far more significant than its weird design.

Over these 300-odd pages, Grass presents a novella on the life of one Hermann Ott, nicknamed, because of his pre-Schopenhauerian leanings, Doubt. Apart from obligatory word plays on the name, Doubt as a character is a surrogate for Grass's skepticism: as well as being the prototype of the frightened, impotent German liberal who survived, by means of one shift or another, the Nazi regime. Knowing Grass's love for the bizarre and macabre even when writing sober documents, one can easily imagine these shifts grinding into high-gear nightmare. As a Danzig schoolmaster at a Jewish private school in the years before the methodical decimation of the Jews started in earnest, Doubt is eventually forced to flee Danzig and wait out the war in the cellar of a mentally defective bicycle repairman named Stomma. Stomma fulfills his sadistic needs by periodically beating Doubt, and lets his mute daughter fulfill her sexual ones by sleeping with the prisoner-guest. The irony in all this is that Stomma thinks Doubt a Jew, and keeps him around for insurance against possible recriminations when it becomes clear that the Nazis are finished—a pattern of German goodheartedness I take to be more fact than novelistic fluff since Jakov Lind used the same idea a few years back in his grim little horror tale, *Soul of Wood*.

In one of the more explicit connections Grass makes in a book that repeatedly "anticipates part of the part, whereas another part will turn up later and partially," Doubt's trials are linked to the dispersal of the Danzig Jews. Grass flashes back to the early 1930s to show the beginning of the end of the Jewish community in "the free city," and takes us forward to the 1960s when he was touring and lecturing in Israel and interviewed some of Danzig's refugees who had been lucky enough to escape the gas chambers and ovens. The short circuit in the connection, as Grass implies, is the appalling readiness with which Danzig, a city messy with nationalities and minorities, embraced the pogrom of the Jews while holding out against National Socialism.

Yet one gradually becomes aware that the arch villain responsible for Doubt's journey to the madhouse and for the holocaust was only immediately National Socialism. More fundamentally it was Hegel. "Who's Hegel?" asks one of Grass's kids, ignorant and innocent of "final solutions," enthusiastic about *Bonanza* and moon shots, and whose state of mind explains in part why Grass felt the urgency to let the snail speak out. "Somebody who sentenced mankind to history," Papa replies. Whatever the durability of that epigram, it is the weight of Hegelian dialectic that supplied Grass with the inner mandate to work for Willy Brandt, despite what was bound to become the disenchantment of any artist with any political czar. Grass, in one of the more crystalline credos that now and again punctuate his labyrinth of prose, remarks:

> I am a Social Democrat because to my mind socialism is worthless without democracy and because an unsocial democracy is no democracy at all. A bone-dry, inflexible sentence. Nothing to cheer about. Nothing to dilate your pupils. Accordingly, I expect only partial achievements. I have nothing better to offer, though I know of better things and wish I had them.

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Doubtful, circumspect, melancholy. That is the impression one gets of Grass from this passage, and indeed from the other stop-and-go passages of confession and apostrophe along the way. In the end, neither the impressionistic portrait of Brandt nor the fictional portrayal of Doubt sticks in the mind as clearly as the composite of Grass: a man of gargantuan appetite who loves to cook; a man possessed of sexual fervor; the husband of a beautiful Swiss dancer; father of four typical kids; a compulsive writer whose machine never stops clicking; a famous writer who doesn't dote on fame; an uneven poet; a talented, lucky, pessimistic (and therefore engaged) guy. What he is not (what Brandt is not, what Doubt was not) is an Atlas born to shoulder the world and its troubles, and to carry it in such a way that Germany rubs him raw about the shoulder blades. If Grass carries anything around with him at all, it is the shell and housing of the snail, his symbol (as it becomes clear from a talk he gave in 1971 on Albrecht Dürer, appended to "the waste book") for "stasis in progress," for the nonheroic but continuous crawl of liberalism, for the pessimist's circumspection about utopias (Marxian, Hegelian, Freudian, or otherwise), and for his own laggardly melancholy about the condition of the world, past, present, future:

> I am the civilian snail, the snail made man. With my forward, inward drive, with my tendency to dwell, hesitate, and cling, with my restlessness and emotional haste, I am snail-like.

It is only after we get some idea of Grass's fascination with gastropoda, and make sense of his snail fantasia—to the degree that men and governments have been like snails, men and governments have been better off—that we can fathom what appears to be the snail's nemesis: namely Melencolia 1, engraved by Dürer in 1514, and reproduced as the frontispiece to the diary. I won't attempt to outline the dozens of uses Grass puts Melencolia to in his book, nor the case he makes for the engraving as symbolically harboring all the ambiguities and paradoxes of the modern world. One must read and believe *From the Diary of a Snail* (and both games are worth the candle) in order to understand Grass's evaluative, snail-like trek from his blundering youth under Hitler to enlightened middle age under Brandt. Perhaps then can we understand why he believes that if the world is to go forward without wars and revolutions, it must do so by "snail standards," that melancholy (in all of Grass's many definitions of the term) must be seen as "a social reality, and no longer as a suspicious eccentricity," and that "only those . . . who have sat on an empty snail shell and experienced the dark side of utopia can evaluate progress." We could do worse than learn from Grass what Grass has learned from snails. □

What Makes the System Perdure?

THE FISCAL CRISIS OF THE STATE. *By James O'Connor. St. Martin's Press. 276 pp. $9.95. Paper $3.95.*

ALAN WOLFE

Above and beyond the methodological disputes in the social sciences, there is one simple test of any new work: does it help us to understand and thereby to change for the better the society in which we live? By that test, *The Fiscal Crisis of the State* will be one of the most important books of the 1970s. James O'Connor avoids two pitfalls which have plagued contemporary Marxist scholarship in America. First, he explains things and does it rather well. Although one would expect it to be a primary preoccupation of radicals to explain, to demystify, many—perhaps to show that they are in fact better historians, economists and philosophers than their more conservative colleagues—write in as pedantic and dense a manner as possible. There are Left journals that make the *American Sociological Review* a joy to read by comparison. And second, O'Connor avoids a tendency to portray capitalists as so powerful and wise that we must marvel at them and secretly admire their prowess. This book is about the weaknesses of capitalism; there are many, though we often forget it.

Capitalist decision makers face a "crisis" because their policies have led them into dilemmas from which there is either no escape or only temporary ones. To summarize O'Connor's thesis: The development of monopoly capital has led to reliance upon the state for purposes of capital accumulation. The state is the only institution large enough to raise the kinds of money needed both for specific help to various firms (direct grants, transportation, job training) and also for stabilizing developments designed to work in the long run (education in general, welfare, and the costs of imperialism). At the same time, the state is expected to serve an additional function, that of legitimizing the existing order, keeping people content. Can the state play that role when its policies toward capital are obviously biased toward Mr. Big and increasingly expensive? Even if it were to develop partial solutions to these problems, could they be applied in the face of left-wing protest growing out of the first condition and right-wing protest stemming from the second? It can try, and if few people understand its attempts, it may succeed. All of which is why O'Connor's analysis of the various strategies used to walk this tightrope is so important.

Consider some examples. The most outstanding economic contradiction facing American capitalism is that the needs of monopoly capital for state expenditure produce enormous inflation, a factor of potential instability at home and abroad. There are, according to O'Connor, only three ways to control inflation. One, simply to slow down economic growth, kills the patient along with the disease. A second, wage and price controls, is more realistic, but the ideological repugnance they evoke leads to ambivalence, as witness the Nixon Administration's hesitant courtship of the notion. A third method is raising productivity which, at this point in time, is meeting resistance from—of all people—workers, the source of production itself. The fact is that this contradiction is devastating for American capitalists and will plague them for some time to come.

A major portion of the book seeks to prove another weakness of American capitalism, its tendency to become locked into expenditures to the point where it must continue them even when they are no longer advantageous. O'Connor tries to show how expenditures for such things as transportation, welfare and education cannot be substantially reduced due to commitments already made. Because the state has chosen to finance and support private companies to make its weapons, there is also little likelihood that defense spending will decrease either, given the power that private contractors have developed in Congress. This continuous pressure to spend is inflationary and often unproductive. There may come a point at which the powers that be desire to stop it. The Nixon budget-pruning supports and does not support O'Connor's thesis. On the one hand, it indicates that some capitalists realize that spending has gotten out of hand and must be controlled.

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On the other hand, the fact that Nixon cannot get his way with Congress on this issue indicates the tenacity of the spending approach.

This leads us to the most controversial point in the book. O'Connor wishes to argue that future needs of state planning will increasingly move the state in the direction of spending on domestic needs. Before 1968 this seemed like a very real possibility. A liberal coalition was emerging around the legacy of the Kennedy family which saw in some form of "social-industrial complex" a way out of these contradictions. While large-scale domestic spending would stimulate demand, the programs themselves would buy off discontent. Theoretically, it all made sense, so long as there were provisions for controlling inflation through wage and price controls. (This used to be a Democratic and "liberal" approach.) Since Nixon's Presidency, prospects for the social-industrial complex look rather dim. If it is a future reality at all, it is one that must be postponed until the emergence of new political coalitions.

The difficulties of prediction are many. Economic trends do not occur in total independence of political forces, as the history of the Nixon Presidency clearly indicates. What seemed highly probable ten years ago is now unlikely, simply because one man won an election in 1968 and not another. Since this book germinated during a liberal phase of the moon but appeared during a conservative one, it reflects all of these problems. Portions of the book, particularly in the beginning, are based on the assumption that a social-industrial solution will be applied. Toward the end, the Nixon experience leads O'Connor to be much more cautious. "*Had* McGovern won the 1972 election," begins one sentence. Or, "the state *might* be able to ameliorate the fiscal crisis by accelerating the growth of the social-industrial complex." Had? Might? The tenuousness of tense reflects the tenuousness of the proposition.

It is significant that an economist has written a book about the state. A traditional orthodoxy must be overcome. It held that the state was simply an "executive committee" for managing the affairs of the bourgeoisie, that, to continue in the same language, it was part of the superstructure and therefore only a reflection of underlying economic realities. Two consequences emerged from this unfortunate perspective. First, in the social democratic tradition, the state was ignored for all practical purposes; economic or trade union demands would suffice to usher in a new order. But even in the opposing tradition, usually called Leninist, there was not much improvement. The state took on an instrumental, or tactical, significance. It was to be used to gain power and, interestingly enough, it was assumed that the "workers' state" would still resemble the thing it replaced, only directing its benefits toward a new social class.

We now begin to realize that the realm of the political is much more complicated than this. For one thing, there is no totally unified ruling class, hence no way in which the state can be the expression of its interests. And because of this, there are times when economic analyses cannot explain political events, when the latter take on a meaning of their own which must be analyzed and understood without reducing them to events and forces located elsewhere. And this, in turn, is related to a third complication, the development of what is generally called liberal democracy as the form of the state most compatible with capitalism and its needs. Liberal democracy symbolizes a compromise, a stand-off. Those who benefit from the general order are willing to lose certain struggles—supersonic transports, for example—in order to maintain a system which benefits them in the long run. These benefits are summed up in the tendency of the democratic state to give the appearance of acting in the interests of all (and to a limited extent doing so) while at the same time protecting, in general, the interests of the most powerful.

The paradoxical nature of the democratic state yields a continuous tension to those who study its activities. Are we to interpret any given social policy as the result of the machinations by the ruling class to further its own ends or as the result of the struggles by the dispossessed to obtain what they consider to be their due? Take Social Security legislation, for example. O'Connor shows quite well how Social Security serves the interests of monopoly corporations by keeping workers secure and productive. That is undoubtedly true,

THE GODS
(In Highgate Cemetery, London)

Now fewer mighty ones, and more of the many—
Into filthy, gluttonous ripped throats of earth.
Only the stones saying what they have devoured,
And stone angels silent, souling the earth no gain.

Big head of Karl Marx glowers above crops of stones,
On a pedestal like a sandwich-board. Near,
"This is the grave of A. Comfort." Small comfort, that!
And on a stone book with one page turning,

Sharp, momentous rays of sunlight, flowers, and:
George Eliot—*gold ants moving a golden mesh.*
Pigeons cover another. Swords of sunlight
Break upon their bedizened necks. White lids slurring

The eyes shut, like tiny tombstones. On Hazlitt,
Who wrote "No young man believes he shall ever die"
But did not mean himself. He had courage of heart,
To overcome the fear within his soul—and learned

To live his death in pain, to live his life again.
Now, Hazlitt has a living grave around him.
The black disc of the soul is here, the one
Seen when the sun is stared into, too long:

Thin, and opposite to all of its vows. And stones—
Bright, open! Their faces with so many lines
Meeting and remeeting on them, making new
Expressions, emotional but not emotional—

Reenact the lucid cruelty of death;
Making survival conscience, but wanting to die;
Slowly—falling, and the fall is forever. Fates,
More than death for the dead who must endure—the gods!

Raphael Rudnik

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but in its historical context, Social Security also grew out of popular struggle. Compared to what went before, it was a genuine victory for the downtrodden: hence the continued popular loyalty to the New Deal—which radical historians, who see it as a conservative response to a political and social crisis, can never understand. Most aspects of social policy must be understood as the product of this twofold tension. Focusing only on the needs of the powerful negates the ability of the less powerful to shape the system to their own needs through struggle. The contradictions inherent in liberal democracy are there to be exploited, not forgotten.

From this perspective, the major task of a Marxist theory of the state is to explain why the contradiction between the legitimating function of the state and its accumulating function has not exploded. Why is it that a system which so palpably benefits a few has not been thoroughly routed by the forces of the many? The great virtue of O'Connor's book is that it poses that question and provides the necessary background in political economy for answering it. What it does not do is answer the question—but then, O'Connor is only one person, and the task is a project, in Sartre's sense of the term, work for a generation of scholars. If that generation ever gets to work, it will have James O'Connor to thank for pointing out the directions. □

British Poetry: Crossing Borders

CROW: From the Life and Songs of the Crow. *By Ted Hughes. Harper & Row. 94 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.95.*

MERCIAN HYMNS. *By Geoffrey Hill. Andre Deutsch. Unpaginated. £1.*

WRITTEN ON WATER. *By Charles Tomlinson. Oxford University Press. 54 pp. $4.*

FROM GLASGOW TO SATURN. *By Edwin Morgan. Carcanet. 96 pp. £1.*

WINTERING OUT. *By Seamus Heaney. Oxford University Press. 80 pp. $4.*

CHARLES MOLESWORTH

The situation of Anglo-American poetry can be simply put: they know us better than we know them. Visiting London, the casual observer might think American poets dominated, or at least shared equal status with, their British contemporaries. Most book stores and even branch libraries display substantial amounts of American poetry: the names Bly, Sexton, Hollander, Erica Jong appear frequently; Lowell and Creeley are firmly established. Large publishers bring out books by American poets not long after they appear in the United States. British critics exhibit remarkable perception and even refreshing common sense about the contemporary scene in America. Denis Donoghue's review of Lowell's latest work was one of the best to appear, and *The Survival of Poetry*, a group of essays edited by Martin Dodsworth, analyzed current poetry on both sides of the Atlantic in a way that was exceptionally free of academic impediments. Yet for this "cultural colonization" in reverse, British poetry has gained new drive and vision. The ways ahead at this point are various, but the post-Auden era has clearly begun. As with most literary eras, the dominant forces have been operating variously and vigorously long before the appearance of the official signals.

The case of Auden's influence is a special one, for it manifested itself directly in the actual language, in the syntax and diction, of his peers and successors. Pound's influence in America was much more theoretical; no one *sounds* like Pound, though all acknowledge him as tutelary spirit. Some American poems *look* like those by W.C. Williams, but again this influence flows most strongly on a theoretical axis. British poets are apt to be industriously concerned with the felicities of the poetic line, and the sense of the Audenesque texture and wit in the single line of verse remained characteristic long after the height of Auden's own career.

But eventually, the great modernist experiment became more fully absorbed as a common set of values and aims, despite the "negative feedbacks" that A. Alvarez said it suffered in trying to dismantle the "gentility principle." This happened late in England because of counterforces Auden in part represented; moreover, it displays nothing like the currency it has in American poetry, where not to be as modern as possible is to suffer exclusion from both the shelf and the curriculum. Considerable credit for this eventual change is due to the *avant-garde* in England, which drew on resources as disparate as Black Mountain and Liverpool that helped it to be poetically significant and exciting. The new spirit appears to advantage in the work of Ted Hughes, Geoffrey Hill, and Charles Tomlinson, and it also vitalizes work as different as that of Edwin Morgan and Seamus Heaney.

Hughes, though generally acclaimed as Britain's leading poet, gives no quarter to his readers, and his critics give him little in return. His obsession with the bleakly nonhuman in *Lupercal* and *Wodwo* seemed spent, and his readers looked forward to a new departure. But, continuing his immersion in the primitive, and extending the shadows of his temperament to the full, he published *Crow*, which is resolutely contemporary and shuns the detached control of the typical Audenesque lyric. Indeed, *Crow* challenges the very notion of lyric, for while the individual "songs" have their own emotional shape, it is through imaginative participation in the world of this at once primordial and apocalyptic beast that we can arrive at an estimate of its final worth. Like other contemporary book-length poems, such as Kinnell's *The Book of Nightmares* and Hill's *Mercian Hymns*, *Crow* demands to be read in full; only in bulk does the blackness of its humor and the redness of its blood appear in the proper light. But to read the book as a unit makes some readers feel battered past tolerance, while others find the work pretentious or puerile.

In the beginning was Scream
Who begat Blood
Who begat Eye
Who begat Fear . . .
Who begat Never
Never Never Never

Who begat Crow

The catalogue, the chant, the litany, the fable: all primitive forms employed repeatedly, disjunctively to wrench the simplest dictions into horror. Reading it, one is constantly aware of and finally irritated by the fact that Hughes wants this personal myth, these images of suffering, to be equivalent to *something*. But to what, exactly? Nameless guilt? Of course. "Crow straggled, limply bedraggled his remnant/He was his own leftover, the spat-out scrag."

Someone complained that despite the myriad references to blood, Hughes never convinces us that he has ever seen any. That is witty, but beside the point. The real difficulty is in the relation between the poem and its presumed audience. Persons accustomed to reading neo-metaphysical poetry, or requiring to know whether a poem is an allegory or a realistic "picture," are not well-equipped to face the impurities of *Crow*'s mode. In that poem, agony and broad comedy readily commingle, and we are deprived of any comforting tradition of discourse

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to guide or relieve our attention to tone. The poem survives by its own manic energy, or it fails utterly. Here is the end of the last poem in the new edition (to which seven new "songs" have been added), concerning "littleblood," part creature, part condition, part abstraction:

O littleblood, drumming in a cow's skull
Dancing with a gnat's feet
With an elephant's nose, with a crocodile's tail.

Grown so wise grown so terrible
Sucking death's mouldy tits.

Sit on my finger, sing in my ear, o littleblood.

Clearly poetry Auden could not have written, that is closer to European verse and to the surrealistic tradition than to previous English poetry. More a poetry of temperament and atmosphere than of subtle articulated lines, it has qualities that brief quotation cannot convey. The question now is not what comes next but whether readers will find *Crow* gripping ten years hence. It survives its own fury, but can it sustain an audience?

One English reviewer recently attacked Robert Lowell's poems as totally worthless because, as he put it, they were "difficult to say and knobby to hear." (The reviewer by the way was an early supporter of Auden, and he deeply resented there being no "lines" in Lowell.) *Crow*, though not difficult to say, is often aggressively knobby in the ear; the same is true of Geoffrey Hill's *Mercian Hymns*. These deal with Offa, an eighth-century king of Mercia, whom Hill makes over into "the presiding genius of the West Midlands." Sharing Hughes's fascination with the primitive, Hill intends more to create a legend than to chant a litany. But the thirty separate short "hymns" are riddled with anachronisms, broken narratives and chips of description. Not an easy work for an American to appreciate, these prose-poems, some no more than three sentences long, are concerned equally with the psychology of the hero and the myths which make possible the founding of a political order.

They are printed singly with only a Roman numeral at the top of each page, titles restricted to a page at the back of the volume, thus adding to the sense that we are piecing together a fragmentary codex preserved by a diligent monk. Here is one about "Offa's Coins":

> Trim the lamp; polish the lens; draw, one by one, rare coins to the light. Ringed by its own lustre, the masterful head emerges, kempt and jutting, out of England's well. Far from his underkingdom of crinoid and crayfish, the rune-stone's province, *Rex Totius Anglorum Patriae*, coiffured and ageless, portrays the self-possession of his possession, cushioned on a legend.

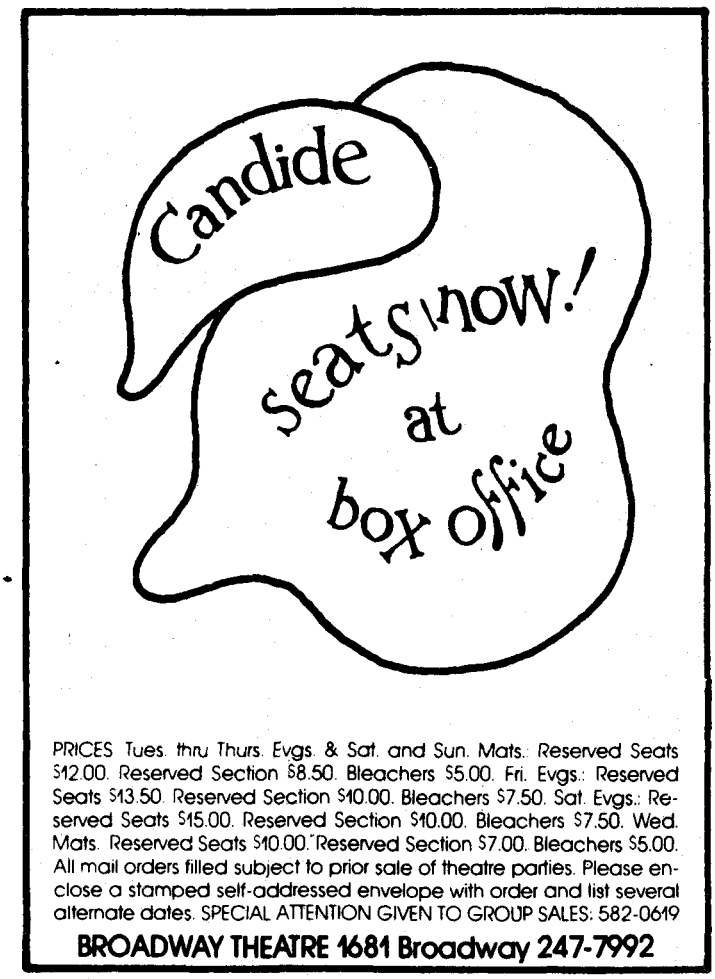
The echoes here reach far back to the deities that populate the countryside of King Arthur's time. But the violent tone of the hymn develops not so much from specific echoes as from the seeming timelessness of rhetoric. Is the speaker a modern poet or an ancient king? (Hill tells us Offa was already legendary in the medieval period.) Or has some coin-collecting scholar lost himself in a reverie? Again, as in *Crow*, the manner of discourse cannot easily be situated in time.

Hill's Offa is in its way as violent as Hughes's *Crow*. Charles Tomlinson's new book, however, is virtually free from violence. He continues in the same mode in which he has developed his exacting and admired craftsmanship. Though he is occasionally grouped with Creeley and other Black Mountain poets, I think the link is tenuous. The American poet he most resembles is Marianne Moore, who wrote: "Ecstasy provides the occasion, but expediency determines the form." Tomlinson's precision derives from just such an emotional expediency. Both have mastered the tone of urgent conversation, and their poems are wrought with great pressure and energy. This volume is finer than his earlier *American Scenes*, and longer poems in a British locale, like "Mackinnon's Boat," give us the rare pleasure of things that are both beautiful and instructive. Here is the end of a short poem where birds become the medium of the lovers' transcendence:

. . . and we
Though we cannot tell what it is they say,
Caught up into their calling, are in their sway,
And ride where we cannot climb the steep
And altering air, breathing the sweetness
Of our own excess, till we are kinned
By space we never thought to enter
On capable wings to such reaches of desire.

Neither knobby to the ear nor abandonedly primitive, Tomlinson's lines work with trustworthy but surprising inventiveness.

A British poet from Northern Ireland, Seamus Heaney carves his tight lyrics from several rich traditions, chief among them the Irish fascination with the intermingling of words and geography or, as he puts it, "bedding the locale in



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the utterance." These evanescent poems, often rhymed in slender quatrains, float along with quiet meditative force, a meditation resolving itself in observations so refreshingly accurate as to appear transparent:

A man wading lost fields
breaks the pane of flood:

a flower of mud-
water blooms up to his reflection

like a cut swaying
its red spoors through a basin.

Far removed from the destructive furies of Hughes and Hill, though not without occasional provincial violences, Heaney's world appears almost pastoral, but again a fearful intensity attends his perceptions. Like Tomlinson, his accuracy instructs us in the proper hymning of the natural world. Tenderness distinguishes him from the ironic brittleness of the Movement poets of the 1950s, though he shares their modesty in metaphysical matters.

Edwin Morgan, a Scots poet with several books to his credit, as well as translations of Mayakovsky and Montale, is far more eclectic than Heaney, and has a quick wit. Although one of "The Computer's First Dialect Poems" sounds delightfully like a Highland Jabberwocky, his poetry can move with equal ease through the grimness of "Glasgow Sonnets" and the nostalgia of "Shantyman."

I suspect it's not easy to be a British poet when you face critics who try sternly to emulate Matthew Arnold. But many poetic virtues survive in Britain to complete a spectrum of styles and concerns; they include the conscientious reserve of Peter Porter, as well as the more *avant-garde* explorations of Tom Raworth and the enterprising rawness of Tom McGough. British poetry has begun to cultivate the advantages of the variety of its national stock, as reflected in the rising interest in regional poetry, and it continues to expand as a result of its access to both the European and American traditions. Most notable among Great Britain's few women poets is Rosemary Tonks, but the chances for new voices, male or female, to find a supporting audience are better now than they have been in any decade since the 1930s. Poets are drawing upon the resources of myth, facing the urban sprawl with aesthetic courage, and fostering an invigorating *avant-garde*. Twenty years from now it may seem odd indeed that so many American poets of the 1960s and early 1970s were relatively uninterested in the possibilities of a productive Anglo-American tradition. If we can share Eliot, Auden and Plath, we obviously have much in common. Stephen Spender once distinguished between "Moderns" who try to integrate disparate elements of their experience, and "Contemporaries" who are content to remain imitatively static and analytic. That may explain how British poetry has a chance to become truly modern while, surprisingly, much American poetry is threatened with remaining merely contemporary. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

The chief and special value to me in seeing Christopher Hampton's *Total Eclipse* at the Chelsea Theatre of Brooklyn is extracurricular and literary. The event turned me back to the reading of the poetry of one of this play's unheroic heroes, Arthur Rimbaud.

I imagine that Christopher Hampton, who was 22 and still at Oxford when he wrote this investigation into some of the most sensational episodes in the life of the poet, was moved to do so for not wholly artistic reasons. He, too, I conjecture, was personally fascinated by the mystery of Rimbaud's career in the context of his own future as a writer. He had already written one play and was soon after to write two more objectively successful pieces: *The Philanthropist* and *Savages*.

After leaving the performance I asked myself what did the title *Total Eclipse* mean? The 17-year-old Rimbaud had sent some of his verses to Verlaine, the poet he most admired, ten years his senior. Verlaine was so struck with the originality of Rimbaud's poetry that he invited the youthful genius from the "provinces" to stay with him and his wife in Paris. After an intensely tortuous relationship of muddled homosexuality, the younger man all but annihilated the older one's personality and in many respects eclipsed him as a poet. For there can be little doubt (apart from individual preference) that Rimbaud is the one who has exercised much the greater influence, not only on French but on all modern poetry. Rimbaud, who said of himself that he "sometimes saw what other men only believed they saw," is a partial progenitor of surrealism and other contemporary deviations from "classicism" in the arts.

It is this breakaway, both in metaphorical speech and in the expansion of sensibility by a process of moral and physical derailment which Rimbaud exercised on himself through a "disordering of all the senses," that makes him a patron saint of the whole aesthetic vanguard of our time. "Patron saint" is not in this case an altogether inappropriate term, since many believe that his lucid derangement was motivated by a search for absolute purity, perhaps for God. Even Rimbaud's ambiguous sexual experiences, his use of drugs and other intoxicants, are interpreted by some in the same blasphemously religious mode which today has its adherents and acolytes.

Accursed and condemned, the precocious rebel Rimbaud, who resigned from literature at the age of 19, was certainly a seer whose work and career presage the corruption of Europe. No wonder then, that as a talented youth Christopher Hampton should be fascinated by him and that I, constantly appalled by the wreckage around us, should wish to renew my acquaintance with the person who, having plunged himself into it a hundred years ago, sought to encompass it poetically and, possibly, to transcend it.

But the documentation of the Rimbaud-Verlaine affair in *Total Eclipse* offers not much more than facts. And facts, as someone has said, are fools: they do not themselves reveal truth. If we know little about the background of this "Eclipse," we learn not much more from it than that certain famous French poets were insane wretches given to spoiling their own and other lives.

Quotations from various of Verlaine's and Rimbaud's writings are of no avail: they do not help shape the proceedings to a cogent meaning. Though there is some violence, along with dashes of acrid humor and some tints of local color, there is no genuine dramatic movement in the play. We do not understand why two nude men are gamboling about with no pleasure (for them or us), and why the depiction of their private torments should be of general concern. Here and there we find some good lines: it may be Hampton who has Verlaine say that, to him, the greatest unhappiness is absence, which reveals the unfortunate poet's total dependence on a beloved; and Rimbaud's abjectness becomes evident when he confesses that his greatest unhappiness is to see himself as he sees others. . . . The artist's truest autobiography is in his creations.

For the rest, *Total Eclipse* is well staged and well set, while the acting of Michael Finn as Rimbaud lacks "flame," and that of Christopher Lloyd as Verlaine, though more professionally adept

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and bent on suggesting a soulfully romantic tone, remains dry and largely lacking in afflatus.

Bertolt Brecht was deeply impressed, if not directly influenced by Rimbaud. Brecht's first play, *Baal*, written when he was 20, is about still another "accursed poet" who is part Brecht himself, modeled on the Rimbaud legend. But while Rimbaud ended his life engaged in such enterprises as gunrunning and perhaps slave traffic in Africa, Brecht has his "Rimbaud" murdered by a man he ruined. This vein, with certain variations, persisted for a time in Brecht's dramaturgy, until he began trying to cut through or dissolve the muck after World War I with acid irony. Two masterpieces were the earliest results: *The Threepenny Opera* in 1928 and *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* in 1930.

Mahagonny is now being given by the Yale Repertory Theatre in New Haven, and the main significance for me in this occasion is that, despite the production's faults, it attracts a large and enthusiastic audience. For what public is ready to receive it except a more or less youthful one, somehow in tune with its essential mood?

After the postwar havoc and depression, Germany tried to save itself by yielding to the blandishments of *laissez-faire* economics and free enterprise. Anything would "go," and everything went. The sorry protagonist of the Brecht-Weill piece, Jimmy Mahoney (the action takes place in an allegorical America), having endured the cold and hard labor as a woodsman in Alaska, comes to the new city of Mahagonny founded by absconding racketeers because "everything is so evil and no peace and harmony obtains anywhere and because there is nothing upon which you can rely." But the initial relief Jimmy experiences on arrival at placid Mahagonny is soon converted to disquiet. He wants "to eat his hat" because there is nothing else to do. He doesn't even want to remain a human being! He yearns for complete freedom. His wish is granted and the city becomes a new Babylon, affluent and debauched until everything goes to ruin and all his kind are doomed.

Mahagonny, then, is a symbol of misery amid fun and games; a warning of terror and eventual collapse, projected as crazy comedy. The music is an amalgam of operatic parody, blue torch songs, narcotic sweetness, slothful sentiment, always nervously agitated. "Money is the source of sensuality," the text sneers. There is anger, heroic and revolutionary prophecy, and with it all a constant undertone of secret pathos and regret that things should be as they are, with almost no hope ahead.

It is the Germany of yesteryear, and it is still very close to the melancholy disarray and gleaming despair of today. How glamorously colorful are decadent epochs! We tend to cling to the memory of them in anguished affection—at any rate, in art and in the theatre.

I have said that the spectators love the show. They are not "wrong" to do so, for they seem to understand it in their "blood." This, although much of the text, in a poor translation, is inaudible. Either the singers' diction is faulty or the orchestra drowns them out. Everyone appears to be shouting. Only Gilbert Price, a likable Jimmy, has a voice so powerful as not to be overwhelmed. Stephanie Cotsirilos, as Jimmy's "girl friend" Jenny, might be less strident if she did not have to cope with the fulsome accompaniment: it might help the production if a reduced orchestra were employed.

There is raucousness throughout in a work which demands understatement and a cutting, insidious innuendo only occasionally breaks forth in hymnal statement of bold assertion and rebellious ardor. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Maximilian Schell, the Austrian film star, has written, directed, and played a small part in *The Pedestrian*, which is his contribution to the subject of the German responsibility for crimes against humanity in World War II. Given the topic, the film is surprisingly lyric, even misty; but though that may leave the viewer nonplussed as to the facts, the apparent raveling out of the story serves Schell's purpose.

Not that the picture cannot make points sharply enough when it wishes, as for example a tea party at which a gaggle of upper-bourgeois crones chatter away in German, French and English about wars they have known and half remember. This scene, a sort of senior citizen's jollification in Valhalla, is played with blood-chilling relish by several of Europe's most celebrated actresses of a generation ago: Peggy Ashcroft, Elisabeth Bergner, Françoise Rosay, Lil Dagover and Elsa Wagner.

But what of the guilt of Herr Giese (Gustav Rudolf Sellner), West German industrialist, member of parliament, fond but unfaithful husband, delightful grandfather and now a pedestrian because his

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elder son died in a motor accident under ambiguous circumstances while he was at the wheel? As to the accident, we soon learn that it occurred during a violent argument, when the son (Schell) twisted the wheel from his father's hands in an evident attempt to kill them both. This tragedy has stimulated the editor (the British Peter Hall) of a somewhat sensational German newspaper to dig into some rumors he has heard of Giese's culpability in the massacre of an entire village during the German occupation of Greece. The old man reacts vigorously to this interest in his past. He gets a court injunction against the paper after the appearance of the first of its announced series of articles; he confronts his accusers in a television debate, supported by his lawyer, a caricature of unreconstructed might makes right and the film's only lapse into overt finger-wagging.

The paper's motive is shaky; some of the staff assigned to work on Giese seem genuinely dedicated to cleansing the past by bringing a murderer to the justice of public revulsion (the statute of limitations appears to have run out), but the editor is manifestly motivated primarily by circulation. More, the journalists have a promising case, but they cannot pin it down well enough to come out from behind the protective locutions of scandal journalism. An old Greek woman whom they have found living in Germany, the sole survivor of the undoubted atrocity, thinks Giese might be the soldier she saw in the doorway of the village church, but she cannot swear that this solid man of affairs was the slim, gaunt-faced youth of her memory.

And still more, Giese himself is as much a puzzled as a guilt-haunted man. He is living with the memory of something terrible, but it is not clear how accurately he can reconstruct what happened, or recapture the state of mind that controlled him at the time. Certainly he cannot convey to his very much younger accusers the strain of fear and loneliness one experienced as a member of a small occupying force in a distant and lethally hostile land.

I would not give the impression that Schell seeks to exculpate Giese, assuming that he acted as he is rumored to have done; but gradually the focus of the picture shifts. As the circumstances of this atrocity grow more nebulous, the inevitability of atrocity becomes more evident. The women at tea, that now-famous photograph of the naked Vietnamese child burning with napalm, references to Lieutenant Calley, the self-serving evidence of Giese's old army associates—all these bear down on the point that monstrous behavior is implicit in war. Much is made of the allegation that Giese killed a child. Thousands of children died in Europe and Asia during World War II and in wars since then. If you wage a war, you will kill children, and the fact that you can say this man killed that child has the ironic effect of absolving those other killers who never saw their victims die.

Giese's surviving son, who despises his father as a representative of all the establishment values from which he is rebelling, sums it up: he spits out that he doesn't give a damn what a young Wehrmacht officer did in the 1940s; he is absorbed in a feud with what he sees as the inhumane society of the 1970s. The son's problem is specific, but a general application is there: a time comes when individual war guilt is no longer relevant; what never ceases to be relevant is a society that continues to tolerate war, among other atrocities.

Schell reaches this point in a film that is visually beautiful, thoughtfully constructed and peopled with characters of considerable complexity forcefully projected. I have seen it objected that *The Pedestrian* is irresolute; I suspect this to mean that it does not resolve the moral problem in a way to reassure the objectors.

Humberto Solas' *Lucia* is a triptych celebrating the histories of women of that name who lived in 1895 (when the Cuban nationalists were fighting Spain), in 1933 (when the revolutionists overthrew Machado) and in 196... (when Castro's new society was shaking down into a semblance of permanence). The first of these is close to a disaster; the other two are works of considerable quality, always with the reservation that Solas, who was 26 when he made the picture in 1969, has some difficulty organizing his narratives and developing them in a coherent sequence of scenes. One is occasionally disoriented, I think unintentionally, as to time and place, and the director had not then learned how to handle crowds. A busy street looks for all the world like squads of extras performing drilled maneuvers, and the pitched battles, which Solas enjoys to excessive length, are illegibly chaotic.

The Lucia of 1895 (Raquel Revuelta) is a girl of white crinoline and operatic high tragedy. Despite the warning of a demented street woman (a former nun who was raped by bandits) she rides off with a handsome stranger and discovers that he has tricked her by amorous advances into leading a regiment of Spanish cavalry to the hidden mountain fastness of her brother and his rebel band. Carnage ensues. The emotional highjinks that embellish this tale are so counterproductive that the audience guffaws during moments of the most graphically portrayed spiritual torment. It may be that Solas intended to cloak this episode in the trappings of high romance, but the trouble seems to be that he cannot imagine, even in terms of romance, what genteel ladies, dashing heroes and elegant villains might have been like in the 1890s.

The second story is made luminous by the presence of Eslinda Nuñez, a small, modest actress who can play the range of emotion from quizzical amusement, through tenderness and love, to rage and despair, and finally to the strength of resignation, without hitting a false note or exaggerating beyond the demands of the occasion. What happened in Cuba during those years of tyranny, uprising and disillusionment can almost literally be read in her face.

She plays a bourgeois girl who, repelled by her family's selfish indolence, throws in her lot with a young terrorist. Their love prospers in the months of danger leading up to Machado's destruction, but corruption followed upon victory with remarkable speed even for a revolution, and the young man dies trying to reactivate the ideals of the cause. The background, the abrupt shift of moral climate, the motives and characters of the supporting figures are all rather flat, as though displayed in a great hortatory mural. Again, I think it is because Solas could not invent in three dimensions; however, he had the talent to recognize what Eslinda Nuñez could do for his story and she brought it through.

In the last sequence, Solas has no need to invent; he is among people he knows and loves and his sense of comedy takes over. Here Lucia is a roguish-eyed farm worker (Adela Legra), who falls with whoops of joy and laughter into the arms of the boldest truck driver on the cooperative. The snag is that her amorous playmate is turned by marriage into the most tyrannical and jealous of louts, forbidding his wife to leave the house and nailing up windows and doors to make sure she doesn't. The other workers are astonished, amused and finally angered by this foolishness (which does seem excessive, even given the tradition of *machismo*), and of course a girl like Lucia is not apt to remain nailed in a box for long. The husband, one sees, has a potential for real ugliness, but the story skirts tragedy to land safely in slapstick, particularly because the husband and wife are hopelessly and mutually incapable of resisting each other.

Overall, *Lucia* shows signs of being aware that in a Communist state art is at the service of the people's enlightenment, but Solas cares a good deal more for human nature than he does for ideological lines and, despite its shortcomings, his picture shines. □

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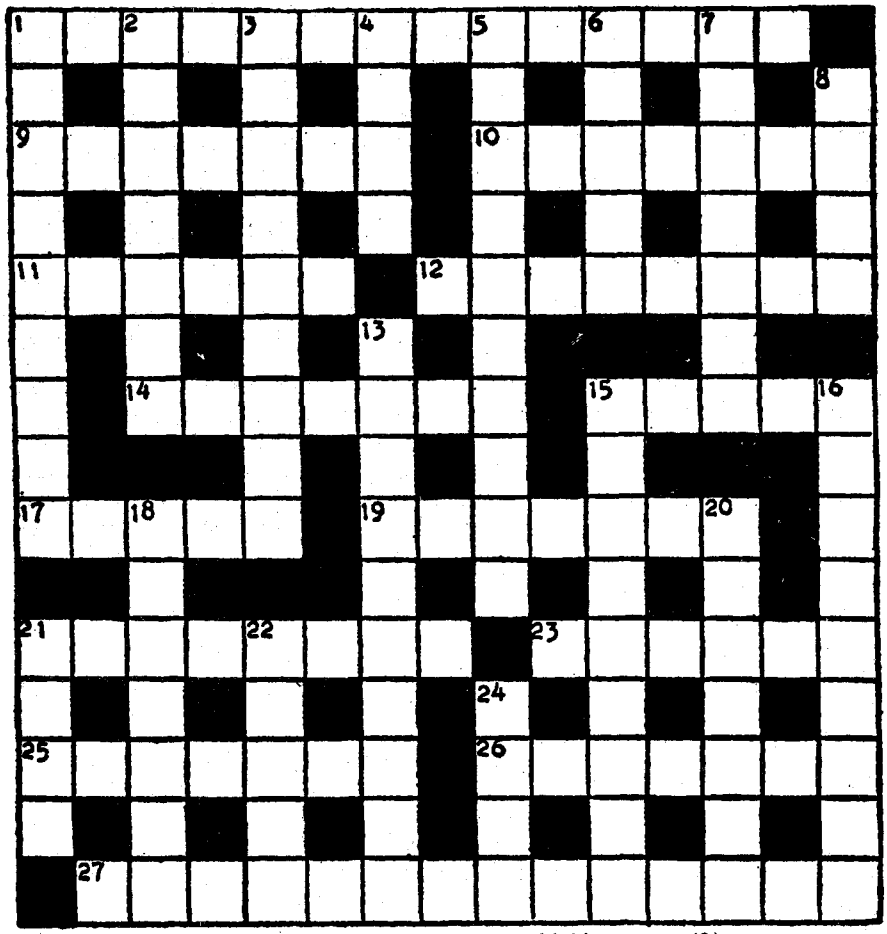
Crossword Puzzle No. 1529

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Making another robbery attempt might be responsible for a lot of bullets thrown! (9,5)
9 Passes on, as one might not feel well internally, according to the papers. (7)
10 It's not pleasant to see it in Hanoi, so men say. (7)
11 Surprised at the confusing contents of the publicity blurb? (6)
12 See 2 down
14 Care for a change of sex externally? Goes to some length to achieve it! (7)
15 Proving a bird is better than a birdie. (5)
17 Might describe the sound of the organ. (5)
19 For example the thing that might get in 9. (7)
21 The sort of movie that doesn't quite catch fire might be tricky to produce. (4-4)
23 The top of the dress is about one millimeter short. (6)
25 The soldier is in a trade union branch, making perfect sense. (7)
26 Plant one peanut, if you break it open. (7)
27 Implying a game peculiar to the New York area, where one might have to come across. (8,6)

DOWN

1 It involves energetic waves. (9)
2 and 12 across Certainly not a general exercise that keeps some professional men going. (7,8)
3 Nourishing form that keeps a boxer the thinking type. (9)
4 and 22 down Sort of topics a man might find thereby? (4,5)
5 Giving spirit? (10)
6 If pertaining to part of your insides, it isn't the old city reference. (5)
7 It's just what some seeming shoppers might be doing. (7)
8 By the sound of it, part of the fruit yield. (4)
13 With this all up, learn the hard way such things might touch sooner or later. (10)
15 How you might meet something to tabulate the type sizes. (9)
16 Enlarge on something, and get satisfaction at getting inside. (9)
18 Nowadays it doesn't take a daring young man to be such a social type. (7)
20 Not exactly weasled out of getting trimmed this way. (7)
21 What the careful buyer might have done with such material? (4)
22 See 4 down
24 27 has a large one—yours might be comparatively small. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1528

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Fish out of water; 9 Orate; 10 Cochineal; 11 Food stamp; 12 Torso; 13 Rotunda; 15 Trident; 17 Toyshop; 19 Scherzo; 21 Offal; 23 Below zero; 25 Grass plot; 26 Dated; 27 Thrusts; 28 Sprayer. DOWN: 1 and 17 Food for thought; 2 Seaworthy; 3 Obeys; 4 Toccata; 5 Occiput; 6 Waist-high; 7 Their; 8 and 20 Rule out of order; 14 Nihilists; 16 Earnestly; 18 Pebbles; 19 Salutes; 22 Flair; 24 Wader.

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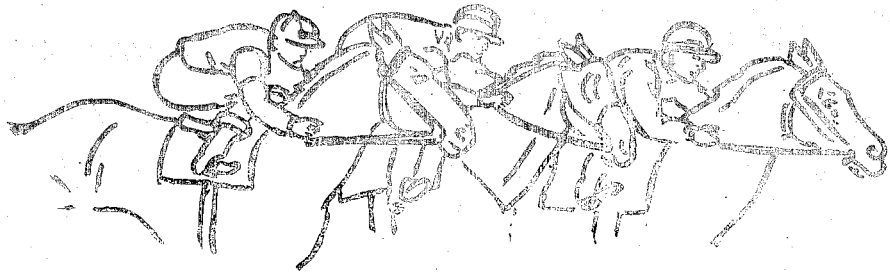

...and the others follow

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May 28, 1973: The NATION runs Joseph C. Goulden's "Warming Up For Watergate" with 1962 as starting point.

Aug. 16, 1973: The VILLAGE VOICE runs "Prelude to Watergate—The Time Frame Was 1962," by Tom de Vries.

CASE NO. 2

Sept. 21, 1970: The NATION runs "Richard Nixon, Theologian" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

July 3, 1972: The NEW YORK TIMES features "Mr. Nixon's Theology" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

CASE NO. 3

June 4, 1973: The NATION runs "Appraising the GAO," a piece about the General Accounting Office by Peter Gruenstein.

June 17, 1973: THE WASHINGTON POST hits with "Congress' GAO Becomes 'Fiscal FBI.'"

CASE NO. 4

Sept. 13, 1971: The NATION digs into "The Corporate Underground" by Timothy H. Ingram.

On Oct. 9, Nov. 3 and 8, 1971, BUSINESS WEEK, The WALL STREET JOURNAL and NEWSWEEK all run the same story, quoting Mr. Ingram.

CASE NO. 5

Feb. 19, 1973: The NATION prints John Grady's blast, "Administrative Discharges: The 'Less Than Honorable' Solution."

July 8, 1973: Washington's THE SUNDAY STAR and DAILY NEWS runs "Rethinking the 'Bad Discharge' System," by Raymond P. Boulanger.

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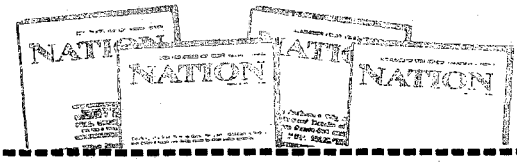

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